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COTTAGES.

(Concluded from page 185.)

LOOK, there is a pretty Cottage—by name **LEASIDE**—one that might almost do for a painter—just sufficiently shaded by trees, and showing a new aspect every step you take, and each new aspect beautiful. There is, it is true, neither moss nor lichens, nor weather-stains on the roof—but all is smooth, neat, trim, deep thatch, from rigging to eaves, with a picturesque elevated window, covered with the same material, and all the walls white as snow. The whole building is at all times as fresh as if just washed by a vernal shower. Competence breathes from every lattice, and that porch has been reared more for ornament than defence, although, no doubt, it is useful both in March and November winds. Every field about it is like a garden, and yet the garden is brightly conspicuous amidst all the surrounding cultivation. The hedgerows are all clipped, for they have grown there for thirty years, at least, and the shears were necessary to keep them down, from shutting out the vista of the lovely vale. That is the dwelling of Adam Airlie the Elder. Happy old man! This life has gone uniformly well with him and his; yet, had it been otherwise, there is a power in his spirit that would have sustained the severest inflictions of Providence. His gratitude to God is something solemn and awful, and ever accompanied with a profound sense of his utter unworthiness of all the long-

continued mercies vouchsafed to his family. His own happiness, prolonged to extreme old age, has not closed within his heart one source of pity or affection for his brethren of mankind. In his own guiltless conscience, guiltless before man, he yet feels incessantly the frailties of his nature, and is meek, humble, and penitent as the greatest sinner. He, his wife, an old faithful female servant, and a sweet grand-daughter of twelve years, now form the whole household. His three sons have all prospered in the world. The eldest went abroad when a mere boy, and many fears went with him, a bold, adventurous, and somewhat reckless creature. But consideration came to him in a foreign climate, and tamed down his ardent mind to a thoughtful, not a selfish prudence. Twenty years he lived in India—and what a blessed day was the day of his return! Yet in the prime of life, by disease unbroken, and with a heart full to overflowing with all its old sacred affections, he came back to his father's lowly cottage, and wept as he crossed the threshold. His parents needed not any of his wealth, but they were blamelessly proud, nevertheless, of his honest acquisitions—proud when he became a landholder in his native parish, and employed the sons of his old companions, and some of his old companions themselves, in the building of his unostentatious mansion, or in

cultivating the wild but not unlovely moor, which was dear to him for the sake of the million remembrances that clothed the bare banks of its lochs, and murmured in the little stream that ran along the pastoral braes. The new mansion is a couple of miles from his parental Cottage; but not a week, indeed seldom half that time elapses, without a visit to that dear dwelling. They likewise not unfrequently visit him—for his wife is dear to them as a daughter of their own—and the ancient couple delight in the noise and laughter of his pretty flock. Yet the son understands perfectly well that aged people love best their own roof—and that its familiar quiet is every day dearer to their habituated affections. Therefore he makes no parade of filial tenderness—forces nothing new upon them—is glad to see the uninterrupted tenor of their humble happiness; and if they are proud of him, which all the parish knows, so there is not a child within its bounds that does not know, that Mr. Airlie, the rich gentleman from India, loves his poor father and mother as tenderly as if he had never left their roof; and is prouder of them too, than if they were clothed in fine raiment, and fared sumptuously every day. Mr. Airlie of the Mount, has his own seat in the gallery of the Kirk—his father, as an Elder, sits below the pulpit—but occasionally the pious and proud son joins his mother in the pew, where he and his brothers sat long ago; and every Sabbath one or other of his children takes its place beside the venerated matron. The old man generally leaves the churchyard leaning on his Gilbert's arm—and although the sight has long been so common as to draw no attention, yet no doubt there is always an under and unconscious pleasure in many a mind witnessing the sacredness of the bond of blood. Now and then the old matron is prevailed upon, when the weather is bad and roads miry, to take a seat home in the carriage—but the Elder always prefers walking thither with his son,

and he is stout and hale, although upwards of threescore and ten years.

Walter, the second son, is a captain in the navy, having served for years before the mast. His mind is in his profession, and he is perpetually complaining of being unemployed—a ship—a ship, is still the burden of his song. but when at home—which he often is, for weeks together—he attaches himself to all the on-goings of rural life, as devotedly as if a plougher of the soil instead of the sea. His mother wonders, with tears in her eyes, why, having a competency, he should still wish to provoke the dangers of the deep; and beseeches him sometimes to become a farmer in his native vale. And perhaps more improbable things have happened; for the captain, it is said, has fallen desperately in love with the daughter of the clergyman of a neighbouring parish, and the doctor will not give his consent to the marriage, unless he promise to live, if allowed, on shore. The political state of Europe certainly seems at present favourable to the consummation of the wishes of all parties.

Of David, the third son, who has not heard, that has heard any thing of the pulpit eloquence of Scotland? Should his life be spared, there can be no doubt that he will one day or other be Moderator of the General Assembly, perhaps Professor of Divinity in a College. Be that as it may, a better Christian never expounded the truth of the gospel, although some folks pretend to say that he is not evangelical. He is, however, beloved by the poor—the orphan and the widow: and his religion, powerful in the kirk to a devoutly listening congregation, is so too at the sick-bed, when only two or three are gathered around it, and when the dying man feels how a fellow-creature can, by scriptural aids, strengthen his trust in the mercy of God.

Every year, on each birth-day of their sons, the old people have a festival—in May, in August, and on Christmas. The sailor alone looks

disconsolate as a bachelor, but that reproach will be wiped away before autumn; and should God grant the cottagers a few more years, some new faces will yet smile upon the holidays; and there is in their unwithered hearts warm love enough for all that may join the party. We too—yes, gentle reader—we too shall be there—as we have often been during the last ten years—and you yourself will judge from all you know of us, if we have a heart to understand and enjoy such rare felicity.

Let us be off to the mountains, and endeavour to interest our beloved reader in a Highland Cottage—in any one, taken at hap-hazard, from a hundred. You have been roaming all day among the mountains, and perhaps seen no house except at a dwindling distance. Probably you have wished not to see any house, but a ruined shieling—a deserted hut—or an unroofed and dilapidated shed for the out-lying cattle of some remote farm. But now the sun has inflamed all the western heaven, and darkness will soon descend. There is a muteness in the desert more stern and solemn than during unfaded daylight. List—the faint, far-off, subterranean sound of the bagpipe! Some old soldier, probably, playing a gathering or a coronach. The narrow dell widens and widens into a great glen, in which you just discern the blue gleam of a loch. The martial music is more distinctly heard—loud, fitful, fierce, like the trampling of men in battle. Where is the piper? In a cave, or within the Fairies' knoll? At the door of a hut. His eyes are extinguished by ophthalmia, and there he sits, fronting the sunlight, stone-blind. Long silver hair flows down his broad shoulders, and you perceive that when he rises, he will rear up a stately bulk.

The music stops, and you hear the bleating of goats. There they come, dancing down the rocks, and stare upon the stranger. The old soldier turns himself towards the voice of the Sassenach, and with the bold

courtesy of the camp, bids him enter the hut. One minute's view has sufficed to imprint the vision forever on the memory—a hut whose turf-walls and roof are incorporated with the living mountain, and seem not the work of man's hand, but the casual architecture of some convulsion—the tumbling down of fragments from the mountain side by raging torrents, or a partial earthquake; for all the scenery about is torn to pieces—like the scattering of some wide ruin.—The imagination dreams of the earliest days of our race, when men harboured, like the other creatures, in places provided by nature. But even here, there are visible traces of cultivation working in the spirit of a mountainous region—a few glades of the purest verdure opened out among the tall brackens, with a birch tree or two dropped just where the eye of taste could have wished, had the painter planted the sapling, instead of the winds of heaven having wafted thither the seed—a small croft of barley, surrounded by a cairn-like wall, made up of stones cleared from the soil, and a patch of potatoe ground, neat almost as the garden that shows in a nook its fruit-bushes and a few flowers. All the blasts that ever blew must be unavailing against the briary rock that shelters the hut from the airt of storms; and the smoke may rise under its lee, unwavering on the windiest day.—There is sweetness in all the air, and the glen is noiseless, except with the uncertain murmur of the now unswollen waterfalls. That is the croak of the raven sitting on his cliff half way up Benevis; and hark, the last belling of the red-deer, as the herd lies down in the mist among the last ridge of heather, blending with the shrubless stones, rocks and cliffs that girdle the upper regions of the vast mountain.

Within the dimness of the hut you hear greetings in the Gaelic tongue, in a female voice, and when the eye has by and by become able to endure the smoke, it discerns the household—the veteran's ancient dame—a

young man that may be his son, or rather his grandson, but whom you soon know to be neither, with black, matted locks, the keen eye, and the light limbs of the hunter—a young married woman, his wife, suckling a child, and yet with a girlish look, as if, but one year before, her silken snood had been untied—and a lassie of ten years, who had brought home the goats, and now sits timidly in a nook, eyeing the stranger. The low growl of the huge brindled stag-hound had been hushed by a word, on your first entrance, and the noble animal watches his master's eye, which he obeys in his freedom throughout all the wild bounds of the forest-chase. A napkin is taken out of an old worm-eaten chest, and spread over a strangely carved table, that seems to have belonged once to a place of pride; and the hungry and thirsty stranger scarcely knows which most to admire, the broad bannocks of barley-meal, and the huge roll of butter, or the giant bottle, whose mouth exhales the strong savour of conquering Glenlivet. The board is spread, why not fall to and eat? First be thanks given to the great God of the wilderness. The blind man holds up his hand and prays in a low chanting voice, and then breaks bread for the lips of the stranger. On such an occasion is felt the sanctity of the meal shared by human beings brought accidentally together—the salt is sacred—and the hearth an altar.

No great travellers are we, yet have we seen something of this habitable globe. The Highlands of Scotland is but a small region, nor is its interior by any means so remote as the interior of Africa. Yet is the life of man here far indeed remote from the life of almost any man who lives in a city. The life of that very blind veteran might, in better hands than ours make an interesting history. In his youth he had been a shepherd—a herdsman—a hunter—something even of a poet. For thirty years he had been a soldier—in many climates, and many

conflicts. Since first he bloodied his bayonet, how many thousands on thousands of his commilitones had been buried in heaps! Flung into trenches dug in the field of battle! How many famous captains had shone in the blaze of their fame—faded into the light of common day—died in obscurity, and been utterly forgotten! What fierce passions must have agitated the frame of that now calm old man! On what dreadful scenes of plunder, rape, and murder, when forts and towns were taken by storm, must those eyes, now withered into nothing, have glared with all the fury of a victorious soldier, raging in the lust of blood! Now peace is with him forever more. Nothing to speak of the din of battle, but his own pipes wailing or raging among the hollow of the mountains. In relation to his campaigning career, his present life is as the life of another state. The pageantry of war has all rolled off and away for ever; all its actions but phantoms now of a dimly-remembered dream. He thinks of his former self, as sergeant in the Black-watch, and almost thinks he beholds another man. In his long—long blindness, he has created another world to himself out of new voices—the voices of new generations, and of torrents thundering all year long round about his hut. Almost all the savage has been tamed within him, and an awful religion falls deeper and deeper upon him, as he knows how he is nearing the grave. Often his whole mind is dim, for he is exceedingly old, and then he sees only fragments of his youthful life—the last forty years are as if they had never been—and he hears shouts and huzzas, that half a century ago rent the air with victory. He can still chaunt in a hoarse broken voice, battle hymns and dirges; and thus strangely forgetful, and strangely tenacious of the past, linked to this life by ties that only the mountaineer can know, and yet feeling himself on the brink of the next, Old Blind Donald Roy, the Giant of the Hut of the Three Torrents, will not scruple to

quaff the "strong waters," till his mind is awakened—brightened—dimmed—darkened—and seemingly extinguished in drunkenness like death, till the sunrise again smites him, as he lies in a heap among the heather; and then he lifts up, unashamed and remorseless, that head, which, with its long silvery hairs, a painter might choose for the image of a saint about to become a martyr.

Were the supposition not somewhat odious, gentle reader, we should for a moment suppose you to be a Cockney. No doubt you have been at Epping Hunt; and a good hunt it is. Come hither, then, with us, to the forest that surrounds the Hut of the Three Torrents. Let us leave old Donald asleep after a debauch, and go with his son-in-law, Lewis of the light-foot, and Maida the stag-hound, surnamed the Throttlar,

Where the hunt of deer and the warrior trod
To his hills that encircle the sea."

We have been ascending mountain-range after mountain-range, before sunrise; and lo! night is gone, and nature rejoices in the day through all her solitudes! Still as death, yet as life cheerful—and unspeakable grandeur in the sudden revelation. Where is the wild-deer herd?—where, ask the keen eyes of Maida, is the forest of antlers? Lewis of the light-foot bounds before, with his long gun pointing towards the mists now gathered up to the summits of Benevis. Not a word is heard, only our own panting breath.

But here let us call in to our aid a poem written by one who knows the Highlands well,—and will not grudge, we hope, to see his poetry among our prose; we mean Professor Wilson.

ADDRESS TO A WILD DEER.

MAGNIFICENT Creature! so stately and bright!
In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight;
For what hath the child of the desert to dread,
Wafting up his own mountains that far-beaming head;
Or borne like a whirlwind down on the vale?—
—Hail! King of the wild and the beautiful!—hail!
Hail! Idol divine! whom Nature hath borne
O'er a hundred hill-tops since the mists of the morn,
Whom the pilgrim lone wandering on mountain and moor,
As the vision glides by him, may blameless adore;
For the joy of the happy, the strength of the free,
Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee.

Up! up to yon cliff! like a King to his throne!
O'er the black silent forest piled lofty and lone—
A throne which the eagle is glad to resign
Unto footsteps so fleet and so fearless as thine.
There the bright heather springs up in love of thy breast—
Lo! the clouds in the depth of the sky are at rest;
And the race of the wild winds is o'er on the hill!
In the hush of the mountains, ye antlers, lie still—
Though your branches now toss in the storm of delight,
Like the arms of the pine on yon shelterless height.
One moment—thou bright Apparition!—delay!
Then melt o'er the crags, like the sun from the day.

Aloft on the weather-gleam scorning the earth,
The wild spirit hung in majestic mirth:
In dalliance with danger, he bounded in bliss,
O'er the fathomless gloom of each moaning abyss:

O'er the grim rocks careering with prosperous motion,
 Like a ship by herself in full sail o'er the ocean !
 Then proudly he turn'd ere he sank to the dell,
 And shook from his forehead a haughty farewell,
 While his horns in a crescent of radiance shone,
 Like a flag burning bright when the vessel is gone.

The ship of the desert hath pass'd on the wind,
 And left the dark ocean of mountains behind !
 But my spirit will travel wherever she flees,
 And behold her in pomp o'er the rim of the sea—
 Her voyage pursue till her anchor be cast
 In some cliff-girdled haven of beauty at last.

What lonely magnificence stretches around !
 Each sight how sublime ! and how awful each sound !
 All hush'd and serene, as a region of dreams,
 The mountains repose 'mid the roar of the streams,
 Their glens of black umbrage by cataracts riven,
 But calm their blue tops in the beauty of Heaven.
 Here the glory of nature hath nothing to fear—
 —Ay ! Time the destroyer in power hath been here ;
 And the forest that hung on yon mountain so high,
 Like a black thunder cloud on the arch of the sky,
 Hath gone like that cloud when the tempest came by.
 Deep sunk in the black moor, all worn and decay'd,
 Where the floods have been raging, the limbs are display'd
 Of the Pine-tree and Oak sleeping vast in the gloom,
 The kings of the forest disturb'd in their tomb.

E'en now, in the pomp of their prime, I behold
 O'erchanging the desert the forests of old !
 So gorgeous their verdure, so solemn their shade,
 Like the heavens above them, they never may fade.
 The sunlight is on them—in silence they sleep—
 A glimmering glow, like the breast of the deep,
 When the billows scarce heave in the calmness of morn.
 —Down the pass of Glen-Etive the tempest is borne,
 And the hill side is swinging, and roars with a sound
 In the heart of the forest embosom'd profound.
 Till all in a moment the tumult is o'er,
 And the mountain of thunder is still as the shore
 When the sea is at ebb ; not a leaf nor a breath
 To disturb the wild solitude, steadfast as death.

From his eyrie the eagle hath soar'd with a scream,
 And I wake on the edge of the cliff from my dream ;
 —Where now is the light of thy far-beaming brow ?
 Fleet son of the wilderness ! where art thou now ?
 —Again o'er yon crag thou return'st to my sight,
 Like the horns of the moon from a cloud of the night !
 Serene in thy travel—as soul in a dream—
 Thou needest no bridge o'er the rush of the stream.
 With thy presence the pine-grove is fill'd, as with light,
 And the caves, as thou passest, one moment are bright.

Through the arch of the rainbow that lies on the rock
 'Mid the mist stealing up from the cataract's shock,
 Thou fling'st thy bold beauty, exulting and free,
 O'er a pit of grim blackness, that roars like the sea.

His voyage is o'er !—As if struck by a spell,
 He motionless stands in the hush of the dell,
 There softly and slowly sinks down on his breast,
 In the midst of his pastime enamour'd of rest.
 A stream in a clear pool that ended its race—
 A dancing ray chain'd to one sunshiny place—
 A cloud by the winds to calm solitude driven—
 A hurricane dead in the silence of heaven !

Fit couch of repose for a pilgrim like thee !
 Magnificent prison enclosing the free !
 With rock-wall encircled—with precipice crown'd,
 Which, awoke by the sun, thou can'st clear at a bound.
 'Mid the fern and the heather kind Nature doth keep
 One bright spot of green for her favourite's sleep;
 And close to that covert, as clear as the skies
 When their blue depths are cloudless, a little lake lies,
 Where the creature at rest can his image behold
 Looking up through the radiance, as bright and as bold !
 How lonesome ! how wild ! yet the wildness is rife
 With the stir of enjoyment—the spirit of life.
 The glad fish leaps up in the heart of the lake,
 Whose depths, at the sullen plunge, sullenly quake !
 Elate on the fern-branch the grasshopper sings,
 And away in the midst of his roundelay springs;
 'Mid the flowers of the heath, not more bright than himself,
 The wild-bee is busy, a musical elf—
 Then starts from his labour, unwearied and gay,
 And, circling the antlers, booms, far, far away.
 While high up the mountains, in silence remote,
 The cuckoo unseen is repeating his note,
 And mellowing echo, on watch in the skies,
 Like a voice from some loftier climate replies.
 With wide branching antlers a guard to his breast,
 There lies the wild Creature, even stately in rest !
 'Mid the grandeur of nature, composed and serene,
 And proud in his heart of the mountainous scene,
 He lifts his calm eye to the eagle and raven,
 At noon sinking down on smooth wings to their haven,
 As if in his soul the bold Animal smiled
 To his friends of the sky, the joint-heirs of the wild.

Yes ! fierce looks thy nature, even hushed in repose
 In the depth of thy desert regardless of foes.
 Thy bold antlers call on the hunter afar
 With a haughty defiance to come to the war !
 No outrage is war to a creature like thee !
 The bugle-horn fills thy wild spirit with glee,
 As thou bearest thy neck on the wings of the wind,
 And the laggardly gaze-hound is toiling behind.
 In the beams of thy forehead that glitter with death,

In feet that draw power from the touch of the heath,—
 In the wide-raging torrent that lends thee its roar,—
 In the cliff that once trod must be trodden no more,—
 Thy trust—'mid the dangers that threaten thy reign !
 —But what if the stag on the mountain be slain ?
 On the brink of the rock—lo ! he standeth at bay
 Like a victor that falls at the close of the day—
 While hunter and hound in their terror retreat
 From the death that is spurn'd from his furious feet :
 And his last cry of anger comes back from the skies,
 As nature's fierce son in the wilderness dies.
 High life of a hunter ! he meets on the hill
 The new wakened daylight, so bright and so still ;
 And feels, as the clouds of the morning unrol,
 The silence, the splendour, ennoble his soul.
 'Tis his o'er the mountains to stalk like a ghost,
 Enshrouded with mist, in which nature is lost,
 Till he lifts up his eyes, and flood, valley, and height,
 In one moment all swim in an ocean of light ;
 While the sun, like a glorious banner unfurl'd,
 Seem to wave o'er a new, more magnificent world.
 'Tis his—by the mouth of some cavern his seat—
 The lightning of heaven to hold at his feet,
 While the thunder below him that growls from the cloud,
 To him comes on echo more awfully loud.
 When the clear depth of noon-tide, with glittering motion,
 O'erflows the lone glens—an ærial ocean—
 When the earth and the heavens, in union profound,
 Lie blended in beauty that knows not a sound—
 As his eyes in the sunshiny solitude close
 'Neath a rock of the desert in dreaming repose,
 He sees, in his slumbers, such visions of old
 As his wild Gaelic songs to his infancy told ;
 O'er the mountains a thousand plumed hunters are borne,
 And he starts from his dreams at the blast of the horn.

Yes ! child of the desert ! fit quarry wert thou
 For the hunter that came with a crown on his brow,—
 By princes attended with arrow and spear,
 In their white-tented camp, for the warfare of deer.
 In splendour the tents on the green summit stood,
 And brightly they shone from the glade in the wood,
 And, silently built by a magical spell,
 The pyramid rose in the depth of the dell.
 All mute was the place of Lochy that day,
 When the king and his nobles—a gallant array—
 To Gleno or Glen-Etive came forth in their pride,
 And a hundred fierce stags in their solitude died.
 Not lonely and single they pass'd o'er the height—
 But thousands swept by in their hurricane-flight ;
 And bow'd to the dust in their trampling tread
 Was the plumage on many a warrior's head.
 —“ Fall down on your faces !—the herd is at hand !”
 —And onwards they came like the sea o'er the sand ;
 Like the snow from the mountain when loosen'd by rain,
 And rolling along with a crash to the plain ;

Like a thunder-split oak-tree, that falls in one shock
With his hundred wide arms from the top of the rock,
Like the voice of the sky, when the black cloud is near,
So sudden, so loud, came the tempest of Deer.

Wild mirth of the desert! fit pastime for kings!
Which still the rude bard in his solitude sings.
Oh reign of magnificence! vanish'd for ever!
Like music dried up in the bed of a river,
Whose course hath been changed! yet my soul can survey
The clear cloudless morn of that glorious day,
Yes! the wide silent forest is loud as of yore,
And the far-ebbed grandeur rolls back to the shore.

I wake from my trance! lo! the Sun is declining!
And the Black-mount afar in his lustre is shining,
—One soft golden gleam ere the twilight prevail!
Then down let me sink to the cot in the dale,
Where sings the fair maid to the viol so sweet,
Or the floor is alive with her white twinkling feet.
Down, down like a bird to the depth of the dell!
Vanish'd Creature! I bid thy fair image farewell!

Nightfall—and we are once more
at the Hut of the Three Torrents.
Small Amy is grown familiar now,
and almost without being asked, sings
us the choicest of her Gaelic airs—a
few too of Lowland melody—all mer-
ry, yet all sad—if in smiles begun,
ending in a shower—or at least a
tender mist of tears. O thou con-
stant attender at Drury-Lane, Cov-
ent-Garden, or the Adelphi! O
Critic, armed with the open-sesame
of a free ticket! Heardst thou ever
such a syren as this Celtic child?
Did we not always tell you that fair-
ies were indeed realities of the twi-
light or moonlight world? And she
is their Queen. Hark! What thun-
ders of applause! The waterfall at
the head of the great Corrie thun-
ders encore with a hundred echoes.
O Lord, Cockney, what think you
now of an oyster-shop in the Strand?
—But the songs are over, and the
small singer gone to her heather-bed.
There is a Highland moon!—The
shield of an unfallen archangel.
There are not many stars—but these
two—ay, that One is sufficient to
sustain the glory of the night. Be
not alarmed at that low, wide, sol-
emn, and melancholy sound. Run-
lets, torrents, rivers, lochs, and seas

—reeds, heather, forests, caves, and
cliffs—all are sound, sounding to-
gether a choral anthem.

Gracious heavens! what mistakes
have people fallen into when writing
about Solitude! A man leaves a
town for a few months, and goes with
his wife and family, and a travelling
library, into some solitary glen.
Friends are perpetually visiting him
from afar, or the neighbouring gen-
try leaving their cards, while his ser-
vant-boy rides daily to the post-vil-
lage for his letters and newspapers.
And call you that solitude? The
whole world is with you morning,
noon, and night. But, go by your-
self, without book or friend, and live
a month in this hut at the head of
Glenevis. Go at dawn among the
cliffs of yonder pine-forest, and wait
there till night hangs her moon-lamp
in heaven. Commune with your
own soul, and be still. Let the im-
ages of departed years rise, phantom-
like, of their own awful accord, from
the darkness of your memory, and
pass away into the wood-gloom, or
the mountain-mist—Will conscience
dread such spectres? Will you quake
before them, and bow down your
head on the mossy root of some old
oak, and sob in the stern silence of

the haunted place? Thoughts, feelings, passions, spectral deeds will come rushing around your lair, as with the sound of the wings of innumerable birds—ay, many of them like birds of prey, to gnaw your very heart. How many sacred duties undischarged! How many glorious opportunities neglected! How many base pleasures devoured! How many sins hugged! How many wickednesses perpetrated! The desert looks more grim—the heaven lowers—and the sun, like God's own eye, stares in upon your most secret spirit!

But this is not the solitude of that beautiful young shepherdess-girl of the Hut of the Three Torrents. Her soul is as clear, as calm as the pool, pictured at times by the floating clouds that let fall their shadows through among the overhanging birch-trees. What harm could she ever do? What harm could she ever think? She may have wept, for there is sorrow without sin; may have wept even at her prayers, for there is penitence free from all guilt, and innocence itself often kneels in contrition. Down the long glen she accompanies the stream to the house of God,—sings her psalms,—and returns wearied to her heather-bed. She is, indeed, a solitary child; the eagle and the raven, and the red deer, see that she is so,—and echo knows it when, from her airy cliff, she repeats the happy creature's song. Her world is within this one glen,—for all beyond has a dim character of imagination. In this glen she may live all her days,—here be wooed, won, wedded, buried. Buried—said I? Oh, why think of burial, when gazing on that resplendent head, that shakes joy and beauty far and wide over the desert? Intermittent tracts of the shining day await her, the lonely darling of nature; nor dare Time ever to eclipse the lustre of those wild-beaming eyes! Her beauty shall be immortal, like that of her country's fairies! So, Flower of the Wilderness, I wave towards thee a joyful,—though an everlasting farewell.

We have been rather happy in our description of a Highland hut; if you think not, attempt a better, and its miserable inferiority to the above of ours, will at once be obvious to the author. It is difficult to say wherein lies the difficulty of description. Most people are fond of rural sights and rural sounds; and yet most people, when they take a pen into their hand, make sad work of it. We suspect that the delight they feel is of a vague and general kind; and that when they come to describe in words, either their feelings, or the objects which have excited them, they experience an unexpected and painful surprise, that that should be so difficult which they had unthinkingly imagined must be so very easy. Now, to describe feelings is never easy to a mind of ordinary habits, for such minds have seldom analyzed their feelings in thoughts. That is a rare practice. To describe external objects, one by one, is no doubt easy; and accordingly it is often done very well. But to produce a picture in words, there must be a principle of selection, and that principle cannot be comprehended without much reflection on the mode in which external objects operate on the mind. Sometimes a happy genius, and sometimes a strong passion, vivifies a whole scene in a single line. But the observer of nature, who has neither genius, nor passion, nor metaphysics, can do little or nothing, but enumerate. That, he may do with great accuracy, for he may be a noticing and sharp-sighted person. Not a feature of a landscape shall escape him—each sentence of his description shall contain a natural and true image, and ordinary people like himself will think it admirable. Yet shall it be altogether worthless, while one stanza of Burns wafers you into the very heart of Paradise.

From the eye of a poetical lover of nature, in process of time, every thing unimpressive falls of itself away, and is really not visible. All the component parts of every new scene range themselves before his fancy,

according to a scale of natural subordination. He scarcely can look at a scene amiss; its character is revealed to his gifted—or rather say his practised eye: and he reads the physiognomy of the earth as rapidly and unerringly as, in the intercourse of life, the intelligent read the characters of men's minds in their countenances. Poor describers are so, often, from faintness of conception; but not always so. A man may have a strong and vivid conception, and yet be unable so to select qualities, as to bring the object they compose before the eyes of others. This is the commonest case; for people of weak or dim conception, feel no inclination to become either poets or painters. They are your prosers.

But without intensity of emotion accompanying the perception of the objects of external nature, no very popular picture in poetry can be painted. It will not do merely to feel a certain calm, equable pleasure, in looking upon them, and to transfuse a portion of that spirit into your descriptions; for the transfused spirit will be necessarily fainter than the faint original emotion. You must either feel, or have felt, transportedly; and, under the power of feeling, all objects will be in glitter or in gloom. Even in the calmest and most subdued tone of the true poet, there is passion. However near the earth, he is still on the wing. This is remarkably the case with Wordsworth. In his very simplest poems—and some of them are too simple perhaps—there are always touches, traits, glimpses of genuine feeling—a feeling of fondness, or affection, or joy, or beauty. If you do not enjoy his descriptions, depend upon it, that nine times out of ten the fault is your own, and that your power of emotion is inadequate. In most cases, familiarity breeds contempt, but not if the creation be the subject. Wordsworth cannot bring himself to dislike a nettle—or a dock—or a mushroom; and we bet you a Set, that he will make a better poem on a gooseberry bush, than you will do

on the great Persian sycamore, which is about seventy feet in circumference.

Now the delight—the emotion of which we have been prosing away, pre-supposes knowledge. Knowledge of what? Knowledge of this beautiful round green earth. Do you suppose that Wordsworth is not a good naturalist, entomologist, botanist, agriculturalist, and shepherd? That he is, to a dead certainty.—Now that keeps him from talking nonsense. There is not one mistake—one blunder, about any natural object, in all his poetry. What could have given him power to gather up all that rich and deep knowledge of insensate things? The love of beauty—wonder—and admiration—and the adoring soul of poetry. His thoughts are “never unstable nor desert him quite,” because the objects to which they cleave are lasting as the laws of external nature—immortal as the soul of man. When the Lyrical Ballads are obsolete, it will be about time for this world to shut up shop.

Look sharply into the writings of clever men, who have failed to delight, although they may have given pleasure. They were in general ignoramuses, at least on the subjects in which they had but this partial success. How many thousands and tens of thousands have written pastorals? Humble life, in Britain, has been written about, within these fifty years, in one form or another, by as many persons as are now in Edinburgh, Leith, and suburbs—about 150,000. Now, perhaps not above a dozen of all these have written any thing that will live. Goldsmith, Cowper, Crabbe, Wordsworth, Scott, Burns, Ramsay, Hogg, Cunningham, Bloomfield, Clare, and the author of *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*—All these writers, either by their birth or their habits of life, knew intimately their subject, from “turret to foundation stone.” Hence one and all of them, according to the measure of his power, has turned his knowledge to account, and enlarged,

it may be said, the nation's knowledge of its own character.

It is curious to remark the difference between the effect on a mind of genius, of absolute personal experience and of that kind of experience which is merely intimate, constant, and extended observation, under favourable circumstances. Burns, Hogg, Cunningham, and Clare, were absolute peasants, or shepherds, or masons—and in all their works there is, independently of their higher or lower genius, of which we do not now speak, *a something*, that he who does not feel it as perpetually as one hears an accent, must be a block-head. Only by men so born such works could have been so conceived and executed. Most of the others were “in a manner born” among the same objects; but only “in a manner;” and the consequence is, that there is an ideal spirit in all their creations, often very beautiful, but sometimes leading away from truth; and we desiderate that intense reality which we behold with our own eyes in life. Accordingly, whatever rank such writings may hold in the literature of a country, we doubt if they ever will be domesticated by the firesides of that peasantry, whose character and occupation it is their ambition to describe.

If this article be getting tedious, (and if it had not been doing so, we should not have shoved it away to the other side of the table for these last two hours, while we discussed twin-tumblers,) any reader of common sense knows how to make it short enough. Shut the Magazine, —stretch out your pretty little feet, my dear,—lean back your head,—don't mind though the comb fall out, and let your auburn tresses salute the floor behind the sofa,—shut your eyes, and your mouth also, and may you dream of your lover! Mayhap he is not far off, but comes gliding into the room, and breathes a faint fond kiss over thy forehead. He blesses this long, sleepy, leading article; and, at every unawakening kiss, means to become a subscriber.

Meanwhile, we are off to Westmoreland to speak of Cottages.—Gray the poet touched some of the scenes there with a pencil of light; but his are but sketches, and few in number. Old West was not a little of an enthusiast, and something more of an antiquary. But we suspect he was shortsighted, and wore spectacles. He had a fancy too that there were only a few points or stations from which a country could be satisfactorily looked at; and during all the intervening distances, the worthy priest whistled as he went, for want of thought. His style, like a beetle, wheels its drowsy flight, and each paragraph reads like a bit of a sermon. Besides, the whole character of the country is greatly changed,—and that for the better,—since his time, notwithstanding the disappearance of some old familiar faces. The Captain “who rambled for a fortnight,” was a half-pay coxcomb, and ought never to have had his name printed any where but in the army list. He would fain be thought too a man of gallantry, and confabulates with every shepherdess he meets, as if she had been a Manchester spinning-jenny. It was lucky for him that some Rowland Long did not kick him out of the county.—Then came poor Green,—a man of taste, feeling, and genius,—but as ignorant of the art of bookmaking, as if he had lived before the invention of printing. But his work is a mine, and out of it a Grub-street journeyman might manufacture a guide without leaving the sound of Bow-bell. He was followed by Mr. Wordsworth, who, instead of a guide, presented the world with a treatise on the picturesque, the sublime, and the beautiful. It is needless to say that his treatise overflows with fine and true thoughts and observations; nor does any man living better understand, or more deeply feel, the characteristic qualities of the scenery of Westmoreland. Yet it is somewhat heavy, even as a philosophical essay. For a Guide, Mr. Wordsworth takes up a formidable position,—namely, on a

cloud floating midway between the Great Gable and Scawfell. As maps are not uncommon, bird's-eye views of this kind are unnecessary; and when we write our Guide, we shall stick to *Terra Firma*.

We have qualifications for such a task, which neither Green nor Wordsworth possessed. We are non-residents—absentees. Had we lived twenty long years on the banks of Windermere, or Grassmere, or Keswick, or Ullswater, an impartial and reasonable work could no more have been expected from us, than it has been produced by either of the aforesaid gentlemen. Stationary inhabitants get insensibly imbued with all manner of prejudices, and forget entirely the general sympathies of the circulating population. They are apt to think that nobody can understand their scenery but themselves; and laugh in your face should you happen to deliver a heterodox opinion about a crag or a coppice, a flood or a fell. You must walk the valleys in leading-strings—lift up your eyes only when ordered—and not venture even an exclamation till privileged by your guide's ejaculatory "glorious!" Birds of passage, like us, wish to enjoy unfettered the few months we can pass in that climate; and absurd as it may seem to these very imperative ornithologists, we wing our way at our own sweet will, over hill and dale, and perch at night wherever we find a pleasant shelter, in grove or single tree. This we have done for many summers, and frequently following, and as frequently deviating from, the sage advice of Messrs. Wordsworth and Southey, Professor Wilson, Mr. De Quincey the celebrated opium-eater, Mr. Hartley Coleridge, the gifted son of a gifted father, mild and mineralogical, Mr. Malby, and our hospitable and intelligent friend, Robert Partridge, Esq. of Covey-Cottage,—why, we have made ourselves as thoroughly acquainted with that county as any mother's son of them all; while, having no private pique, prejudice, or partiality whatever to gratify

in regard to any mountain, lake, tarn, force, rill, or bowder-stone, we hold ourselves, as the whole world must do, far better qualified than any one of those gentlemen to be the Historian of the Lakes.

A Westmoreland Cottage has scarcely any resemblance to a Scotch one. A Scotch Cottage (in the Lowlands) has rarely any picturesque beauty in itself—a narrow oblong, with steep thatched-roof, and an earlike chimney at each of the two gable-ends. Many of the Westmoreland Cottages would seem to an ignorant observer, to have been originally built on a model conceived by the finest poetical genius. In the first place, they are almost always built precisely where they ought to be, had the builder's prime object been to beautify the dale; at least, so we have often felt in moods, when perhaps our emotions were unconsciously soothed into complacency by the spirit of the scene. Where the sedgy brink of the lake or tarn circles into a lone bay, with a low bill of coppice-wood on one side, and a few tall pines on the other, no—it is a grove of sycamores,—there, about a hundred yards from the water, and about ten above its ordinary level, peeps out from its cheerful seclusion, that prettiest of all hamlets—Braithwaite-Fold. The hill behind is scarcely sylvan—yet it has many hazels—a few bushes—here and there a holly—and why or wherefore, who can now tell, a grove of enormous yews. There is sweet pasturage among the rocks, and as you may suppose it a spring-day, mild without much sunshine, there is a bleating of lambs, a twitter of small birds, and the deep coo of the stock-dove. A wreath of smoke is always a feature of such a scene in description; but here there is now none, for probably the whole household are at work in the open air, and the fire, since fuel is not to be wasted, has been wisely suffered to expire on the earth. No. There is a volume of smoke, as if the chimney were in a flame—a tumultuous cloud pours

aloft, straggling and broken, through the broad slate stones that defend the mouth of the vomitory from every blast. The matron within is doubtless about to prepare dinner, and last year's rotten pea-sticks have soon heated the capacious gridiron. Let the smoke-wreath melt away at its leisure, and do you admire along with me, the infinite variety of all those little shelving and sloping roofs. Dear—dear is the thatch to the eyes of a son of Caledonia, for he remembers the house in which he was born; but what thatch was ever so beautiful as that slate from the quarry of the White Moss? Each one—not each one—but almost each one of these little overhanging roofs seems to have been slated, or repaired at least, in its own separate season, so various is the lustre of lichens that bathes the whole, as richly as ever rock was bathed fronting the sun on the mountain's brow. Here and there is seen some small window, before unobserved, curtained perhaps—for the statesman and the statesman's wife, and the statesman's daughters, have a taste—a taste inspired by domestic happiness, which, seeking simply comfort, unconsciously creates beauty, and whatever its homely hand touches, that it adorns. There would seem to be many fire-

places in Braithwaite-Fold, from such a number of chimney-pillars, each rising up to a different altitude from a different base, round as the bole of a tree—and elegant, as if shaped by Vitruvius. To us we confess there is nothing offensive in the most glaring white rough-cast, that ever changed a Cottage into a patch of sunny snow. Yet here that greyish tempered unobtrusive hue does certainly blend to perfection with roof, rock, and sky. Every instrument is in tune. Not even in sylvan glade, nor among the mountain rocks, did wanderer's eye ever behold a porch of meeting tree-stems, or reclining cliffs, more gracefully festooned, than the porch from which now issues the fairest of Westmeria's daughters. With one arm crossed before her eyes in a sudden burst of sunshine, with the other Ellinor Inman waves to her little brother and sisters among the bark-peelers in the Rydal woods. The graceful signal is repeated till seen, and in a few minutes a boat steals twinkling from the opposite side of the lake, each tug of the youthful rowers distinctly heard through the hollow of the vale. A singing voice is heard—but it ceases—as if the singer were watching the echo—and is not now the picture complete? So too is our article.

THE TEMPLE OF BUTTERFLIES.

THE Chevalier de Boufflers, whom Delille characterized as "the honour of knighthood and the flower of Troubadours," the erotic poet, the agreeable novelist, so long the delight of the salons of Paris, the true sage, who preferred the society of the Muses, and the happy independence without which it is difficult to obtain their favours, to the splendour of wealth or the glory of an illustrious name, was by turns an abbot, a colonel of hussars, a painter, an academician, a legislator, and, under all these characters, the most

gay, careless, and witty of French cavaliers.

I was long acquainted with this highly-gifted man. I saw him in 1780 at the beautiful estate of Chanteloup, near Amboise, whither the Duke de Choiseul, then an exile from the Court, attracted all the most distinguished men of France, whether for birth or merit. It was the focus of the most brilliant wits and beauties of the day. The Duchess de Choiseul, whose memory is still cherished on the lovely banks of the Loire, had a regard for the Cheva-

lier de Boufflers which did her honour; he was her companion in her walks, in the chase, and still more frequently in her visits to the cottages of the poor peasants, to whom this accomplished and excellent woman constantly administered comfort and assistance.

Madame de Choiseul, who was in her youth extremely intimate with Buffon, had imbibed from that celebrated man a strong taste for the observation of natural objects. Her library contained a complete collection of natural historians, ancient and modern; she was particularly fond of the study of Reaumur, who, though he does not, like Buffon, describe the beauties of nature in a style of rich and varied eloquence, displays more patient and accurate observation.

This delightful and exhaustless study had inspired Madame de Choiseul with a new and fanciful idea. Opposite to the windows of her own room, she had erected a temple of gauze of antique form, and sheltered by an ample roof; during the summer she amused herself with collecting in this airy palace all the most beautiful butterflies of the country. A limpid brook flowed through the floor of turf, and the senses were feasted by the brilliant hues of the flowers, the refreshing coolness and the balmy perfume of the air.

The Duchess alone had a key of the Temple of Butterflies, which was peopled by the assiduity of the village girls of the neighbourhood. They strove, by presenting her with some new species, to obtain the privilege of speaking to their beloved and respected patroness, and they were sure to receive a reward proportioned to the beauty and rarity of their offerings, so that the banks of the Cher and the Loire, and the extensive meadows which skirt them, were full of young girls, with gauze nets in their hands, breathless with the chase of their frail and beautiful prey.

Boufflers was frequently a witness to the Duchess's assiduous cares

about her favorite temple. "Chevalier," said she to him, with an agreeable smile, "I run no risk in introducing you among my butterflies, they will take you for one of themselves, and will not be frightened."

On one occasion, when Madame de Choiseul was compelled by illness to keep her room for some weeks, she gave the key of her temple to the Chevalier, who found ample compensation for the trouble of his charge, in the pleasure of receiving the country girls who daily came to recruit the numerous family of butterflies. He encouraged them to talk about their rural sports, their love affairs, and all their little secrets; so that he was soon master of the chronicles of all the surrounding villages. In this way he frequently caught ideas and expressions with which he afterwards adorned his poems.

It was, however, remarked, that Boufflers almost always preferred the butterflies brought by the prettiest girls; his scrutiny turned rather upon their charming features, their natural and simple graces, than upon the objects it was his office to select.—An engaging face, a graceful carriage, or a well-turned person, was pretty sure not to be rejected; he was not very rigorous in his examination, and he trusted that the same indulgence would be extended to him. Thus the beautiful temple declined in splendour; but fewer poor little girls went away disappointed; and the Duchess's bounty, passing through the easy hands of the Chevalier, was diffused more widely, and gladdened more hearts.

Among the villagers who came to offer Boufflers the fruits of their day's chase, he had frequently remarked a girl of about fifteen, whose large deep blue eyes, jet black eyebrows, rosy and laughing mouth, graceful and easy carriage, and sweet, penetrating voice, realized the most poetical descriptions of rural beauty. To crown her attractions, he found that she was the daughter of a forest-

er of Amboise, and that her name was Alina. This pretty name was the title of a tale of his which had been greatly admired. It may be imagined what an interest he took in this innocent and ingenuous girl, with what pleasure he rewarded her in the Duchess's name, and how eagerly he took advantage of the pretext afforded by the beauty of any of her butterflies to double the gift, accompanying it with some protecting caress, sometimes even with a kiss, which Alina thought too great an honour to be resented. Boufflers soon drew from her the secrets of her guileless heart; he learnt how she loved Charles Verner, son of the keeper of the castle, but that his father opposed their union on account of the disparity of their fortune.—Boufflers, who thought love levelled all distinctions, secretly resolved to serve the sweet Alina. He sent for Charles Verner, found him worthy to be the possessor of so lovely a creature, and spoke in his behalf to the Duchess, who, wishing to have some fair pretext for contributing towards the marriage portion of the Chevalier's protégé, made it known in the neighbourhood, that at the end of the season she would give a prize of twenty-five louis d'ors to the girl who had brought her the greatest number of rare and beautiful butterflies. The emulation excited among the young villagers may easily be imagined; and whether it was that the fresh verdure of Alina's native forest of Amboise was propitious to her, or whether she was more agile and dexterous than the others, it fell out that she often presented Madame de Choiseul, through her kind protector, with the butterflies upon which Reaumur had fixed the highest value.

One day, when the Duke and Duchess, accompanied by the numerous train of nobles and ladies who formed the usual society of Chanteloup, were walking in that part of the park bordering on the forest, Alina, with a gauze net in her hand, and panting for breath, came running

joyously up to Boufflers, and said to him, with that innocent familiarity he had encouraged in her: "Look, Monsieur de Chevalier, what do you think of my butterflies? you are such a fine judge of them." This speech was susceptible of an application so curiously fitted to the known character of Boufflers, that every body laughed. He took the butterflies from Alina's hands, and told her they were really of a rare and most valuable kind; one, especially, which, with its four azure wings of enormous size, studded with flame-coloured eyes, and its long black proboscis, supplied the only deficiency in the temple, and completed the Duchess's immense collection. It was instantly decided that Alina had won the promised prize; she soon after received it from the hands of Madame de Choiseul, and Boufflers added a golden cross, which Alina promised to wear as long as she lived.

It was now the middle of autumn, and as the pleasures of Paris became daily more brilliant and inviting, the Chevalier de Boufflers could not resist their attractions, though he left the delightful abode of Chanteloup with regret. Before he went away, he saw the sweet girl whose name, countenance, and disposition, had so deeply interested him, and obtained from the father of her lover the promise that he would consent to their marriage as soon as Alina had a sufficient portion. He recommended her warmly to the Duchess's kindness, and departed for the capital. He was welcomed back to the society he adorned by his wit, tempered as it was by grace and courtesy, and by the exhaustless fertility of his fancy.

A short time after, the Duke de Choiseul quitted a world in which he had exercised such vast power, and so courageously withstood his numerous enemies. His widow was compelled to sacrifice nearly the whole of her own fortune to pay the enormous debts contracted by her husband, who had outdone all the nobles

of the court in magnificence. She sold the estate of Chanteloup to the excellent Duke de Peuthièvre, and went to live at Paris, in the midst of her old friends. Alina, thus deprived of her illustrious patroness, lost all hope of being united to Charles Verner, whose father remained inflexible, and the young man, in a fit of desperation, enlisted in a regiment of dragoons. Boufflers heard of this. By a fortunate chance, the Colonel of the regiment was his near relative and friend, and Charles did so much credit to his recommendation, that he soon rose to the rank of *Maréchal des Logis*. On his first leave of absence, he hastened to Chanteloup, where he found his beloved Alina provided with a sufficient portion by the Chevalier's generosity; the old keeper no longer withheld his consent, and the lovers were united, jointly imploring a thousand blessings for their benefactor.

Twenty years passed away, and France fell into the confusion of political dissensions, and, at length, into all the horrors of the Revolution. Boufflers, though friendly to all the opinions which were then propagated by the true lovers of liberty, was compelled, after the deplorable 10th of August, 1792, to quit France and take refuge in Berlin. Prince Henry and the King of Prussia, after keeping him for some time with them, gave him an estate in Poland, where, like a true French Knight, he founded a colony for all the emigrants who were driven from their unhappy country. But in spite of all the advantages, and all the consolations he received in foreign lands, he never ceased to sigh after Paris, where he had passed the early part of his life in that atmosphere of pleasure and of urbanity which was not to be found in any other capital in Europe. Thither his family, his friends, his most cherished habits, all called him. The compliments paid him on his poems, only served to remind him of the lovely and captivating women who had inspired them; those on his novel, of the de-

lights of Chanteloup, of the amiable Duchess de Choiseul, (who had survived her husband only a few years,) and of the Temple of Butterflies.

The storm of the Revolution having subsided, many proscribed persons obtained leave to return to France; among these was Boufflers, who left Poland, travelling homeward through Bohemia, Bavaria, and Switzerland. He wished to revisit the beautiful shores of the lake of Geneva, where, thirty years ago, he had passed a time which he never recurred to without animation and delight. He therefore stopped at Lausanne, and fearing lest his name might expose him to some disagreeable curiosity or supervision, he had furnished himself with a passport under the name of Foubers, a French painter. In this character, which he had more than once assumed before, he presented himself in the first houses of Lausanne, where he was soon received with all the attentions due to genuine talent, embellished by wit and great knowledge of the world. The rage for M. Foubers and for his fine miniature portraits, was universal. As he was anxious to obtain beautiful subjects, he was constantly told that he ought to paint the Countess de Lauterbach; she was described to him as a lady of French origin, and the widow of a Bavarian general, who, at his death, had left her considerable property, including a magnificent estate situated on the banks of the lake, at a few miles distance from Lausanne. She was universally spoken of for her beauty, her grace, and above all for that obliging affability which wins all hearts. How many stimulants to Boufflers's curiosity! Nor was it long ungratified. At a fête given by one of the principal inhabitants of Lausanne, the beautiful Countess of Lauterbach was present, and not only justified all his expectations, but enchanted him by that inimitable grace which distinguishes his countrywomen.

He was introduced to the Countess, who appeared struck by the sound of his voice, and agitated by

some emotion which she strove to dissemble. They entered into conversation, and Boufflers expressed the most earnest desire to paint from so fine a model. After a moment's reflexion, the Countess accepted his offer; and as if struck by some sudden thought, fixed a day for Foubers to go to her house, at the same time expressing her pleasure at being painted by a French artist.

On the day appointed, an elegant calèche stopped at the door of his lodging, and conveyed him to the Chateau de St. Sulpice, situated on the banks of the lake, opposite to the superb amphitheatre traced by the Alps on the horizon. Boufflers arrived; he crossed a spacious outer court, passed through a handsome hall, and entered a vast saloon, in which every thing announced opulence and the most exquisite taste. On one side of the room hung a full-length portrait of the late Duchess de Choiseul, seated near the Temple of Butterflies, with a volume of Bouffler's works in her hand. The Chevalier could not control the emotions which agitated him, and forced tears from his eyes. "What recollections!" exclaimed he involuntarily: "this Countess de Lauterbach must certainly be of the Choiseul family. I shall like her the better." Whilst he gave himself up to his reflections, a chamberlain came to tell him that his lady would be occupied for a short time, that she begged M. Foubers to excuse her, and desired him to ask whether he would be pleased to walk into her plantation à la Française. Boufflers followed his conductor though a long suite of apartments, all furnished with wonderful magnificence and variety. He entered an avenue of limes, and at the first turning, he saw, under the shade of some very large trees, a temple of gauze precisely like the Duchess de Choiseul's. The temple was filled with the most beautiful butterflies of every species, and over the door was an inscription in verse which Boufflers had formerly written over the entrance to the temple at

Chanteloup, and even the hand-writing was so exactly his own, that he stood before it agitated, yet motionless with astonishment, and thought himself transported by magic to the banks of the Loire. But his surprise was increased, and his emotion heightened, when he saw advancing towards him, a young girl of fourteen or fifteen, in the dress of the villagers of Lorraine, whose features, shape, and gait were so precisely those of the girl he remembered with so affectionate an interest, that he thought it was she herself who stood before him, and whose deep rich voice met his ear. "Your servant, Monsieur de Boufflers," said she, with a graceful courtesy, and presenting to him a little gauze net; "what do you think of my butterflies? you are such a fine judge." "What are you—angel—sylph—enchantress?" "What! do you not remember Alina, the daughter of the forester of Amboise, who used so often to bring you butterflies?" "Do I dream?" said Boufflers, rubbing his eyes; and, taking the sweet girl's hand, he pressed it to his heart, and then to his lips: "Alina, lovely Alina!—it cannot be you?" "How! it cannot be I?—Who then won the prize for the finest butterflies?—Who received from the hands of the Duchess, a prize of twenty-five louis, and from yours this golden cross, which I promised to wear as long as I live, and which I have never parted with for an instant?" "I do indeed remember that cross—it is the very one! Never was illusion so perfect—never was man so bewildered. Divine creature, oh! take pity on the confusion into which you have thrown me. Your elegance betrays you. No, you are not a mere country girl. Tell me then, to whom am I indebted for the most delicious emotion I ever felt in my life?—Whence do you come?—Who are you?" "She is my daughter," cried the Countess de Lauterbach, suddenly stepping from the concealment of a thicket, and throwing herself into the arms of Boufflers. "My dear protector—kind author of

my happiness and of my good fortune—behold the true Alina, the wife and widow of Charles Verner, whose only daughter stands before you. Your emotion, however strong, cannot equal mine.” “How, madam! are you that simple village girl?—Yes, yes, there are those large deep-blue penetrating eyes—there is that expressive mouth—there is that enchanting smile; I could almost believe I can still see the traces of the kiss so innocently received. Good and beautiful as you were, you had a right to become what you now are. But tell me, how happened it that, for once, Fortune was not blind?—have the kindness to satisfy my curiosity; be consistent with the affection my dear Alina always had for me.” “Listen then,” replied the Countess, with confiding delight.

“Charles, in whom you took such a generous interest, having distinguished himself by repeated acts of bravery, obtained a commission shortly after our marriage. The war which broke out between France and Germany, called him to the field, and I followed him. He afterwards rose to the rank of colonel of cavalry, when he saved the life of the Count de Lauterbach, commander of a Bavarian division, on the field of battle; but in this act he received a mortal wound, and with his last breath recommended his wife and child, then an infant, to the General’s care. Count Lauterbach thought that in no way could he so effectually prove his gratitude to his preserver, as by

becoming the husband of his widow and the father of his child. After a few years of a happy union, he died of the numerous wounds he had received, leaving me a large fortune and a revered and cherished memory. At that time,” added the Countess, “I knew that you had been compelled to quit France and to take refuge in Prussia: I left no means untried to discover the place of your residence; but your change of name, your travelling as a French painter, as you have so often done, always prevented my accomplishing the most ardent wishes of my heart. Judge what was my emotion on meeting you the other day at Lausanne. I instantly determined to prove to you, in some degree at least, my joy and gratitude; and taking advantage of my daughter’s age, and of her perfect resemblance to that Alina who owed to you the hand of Charles Verner, and all that she has subsequently possessed or enjoyed, I made use of your own colours; I copied the most beautiful scene of your elegant story which I have read so often—in short, I tried to bewitch you with your own enchantments.”

“Ah!” exclaimed Boufflers, pressing the mother and daughter to his heart, “never shall I forget this ingenious delicacy; it is true, that the memory of the heart is indestructible in women; and I see that the little good one may be able to do to the simplest village girl, may become a capital which gratitude will repay with interest.”

LOVE, JEALOUSY, AND REVENGE.

(Concluded from page 194.)

IT was a hot summer night, and Leopold found the open air refreshing as he hurried along the streets. The dawn was advancing, and he meditated a return to his quarters; but, perceiving that some one was walking at a quick pace towards the spot where he stood watching the fading light of the stars, and

unwilling in his present mood to encounter idle questions, either from the guardians of the city, or a straggler of his own rank, he drew up behind a convenient portico: the intruder passed, and he recognized the features of Count Ottocar. Unable to restrain the impulse that tempted him to follow, he crossed into the

shade, and proceeded in the same direction. The young Count bent his course straight to the avenue where the accident of the morning had occurred; and, standing in a melancholy attitude under a projecting window, he sang the following verses:—

The grey-eyed morn to me is dear,
 Much dearer than the sunny day;
 For I may take my station here,
 And sigh my faithful soul away.
 The glittering stars—the queen of night—
 Have been for happier lovers made;
 Beneath their soft and silv'ry light,
 They pour the tender serenade.
 But I—I dare not touch my lute
 When prying eyes may be awake;
 My trembling, burning lips are mute,
 My harp unstrung for thy dear sake.
 Oh loveliest! fairest! sweetest! now,
 When all around are hush'd in sleep,
 One kind, one gentle word bestow,
 And bid thy lover cease to weep.

The window was open, probably, in this close quarter of the city, for the sake of air. It remained dark and unoccupied. Ottocar repeated the stanzas again in such soft, rich, mellow, seductive tones, that Leopold marvelled they should be wasted on the breeze alone. Morning was breaking fast, and the disappointed minstrel was obliged to tear himself reluctantly away. Raigersfeldt also returned home: he threw himself upon a couch; but his dreams were broken and feverish. Ottocar's hint was not lost upon one almost equally enslaved by the charms of Victorine; and precisely at twelve o'clock on the ensuing night, he quitted a festive party, and hastening to the humble dwelling of the goddess of his idolatry, placed himself opposite to her lattice, and poured forth his soul in song:—

Oh, lady, in the blaze of day,
 By the moon's light, the morning's ray—
 Before the face of heaven, and where
 Assembled mortals meet, I swear,
 To watch, protect, and love thee!

Oh, lady, whatso'er thy path,
 Through weal or woe, or peace or wrath,
 By those bright eyes, that brow, so fair,
 For ever by those lips I swear,
 To watch, protect, and love thee!

A rose-tree now formed a sort of blind to the window, and whether

by accident or design, a cluster of half-blown flowers, which had been detached from the stalk, fell upon the pavement close to the serenader's feet. Raigersfeldt, whose voice was full and harmonious, sang a second and a third time, but received no other answer. It was, however, sufficient to keep hope alive: he placed the fragrant treasure in his breast, and a little before dawn, he stepped aside to the friendly covert which had once before afforded him shelter. Ottocar, regular as the bird who sings his matin hymn at the gate of heaven, appeared with the first faint light that streamed upon the horizon, and breathed again that soft, low, exquisite strain of melody which had thrilled to the soul of his rival, but with as little success as before and, at day-break, both quitted the spot.

It would be tedious to follow Raigersfeldt through all the mazes of his pursuit of Victorine. Accident befriended him at last, and he was permitted to speak to her, and sometimes to accompany her in an evening walk along the banks of the Elbe. Apparently abandoned by all the world, save the son of her father's murderer, the misfortunes of her life had wrought a fearful change in a mind of deep sensibility. Her very soul revolted at the name of Ottocar; and wild exclamations of horror and detestation would burst from her lips whenever her too faithful memory recalled the unrelenting cruelty of the Baron Von Schwerenburg. Her conduct to Leopold was not untinctured with caprice. Sometimes all the affections of a heart naturally formed for tender emotions seemed lavished upon him; at others she shrank coldly and distrustfully away: but though deeply regretting the indulgence of these fitful sallies of temper, the cause more than excused them to a man who could estimate the sweetness and gentleness which seemed inherent in her disposition: she was not equal to sustain a combat with sorrow, and she sank under its inflictions. Ardently did the impass-

sioned soldier long to snatch her from her present obscurity, but she would not hear him when he mentioned marriage. To her it seemed an insult to her father's memory, and never failed to produce a paroxysm of grief. She would reproach herself violently for listening to the voice of love ere the mouldering remains of a beloved parent had returned to their original dust; and days would elapse before she could be induced to pardon this outrage upon feelings too exquisitely sensitive.

Ottocar, in the mean time, appeared to have given up the pursuit, and was now entirely attached to Adelaide Wilmar, whose fondness for him could not be disguised. Raigersfeldt had latterly withdrawn himself from the dissipations of the court; but whenever he entered into society he saw enough to convince him that the honour of the beauty of Dresden's attentions had only been granted to him in the absence of the man who possessed her heart, and who now took an unmanly delight in displaying her weakness. Disgusted with Ottocar's selfish vanity, he felt strongly inclined to express his opinion of his conduct; but the young nobleman, so imperious to every one beside, was particularly respectful to him. The serenades at Victorine's window had been relinquished, and he could not find the slightest pretext to quarrel with a person who seemed to be engaged in an entirely opposite pursuit. Almost a stranger in Dresden, and engrossed by a passion which rendered him careless of aught save its object, Raigersfeldt was not aware of the injurious reports which were now rumoured about the city to the prejudice of Altdorf's unhappy orphan. All, except the very lowest classes of society, were conscious of having injured her: their animosity had been the principal cause of her father's ruin, and their neglect, since his fall, had consigned her to utter desolation. They were not therefore displeased to find an excuse for their unkindness; and her

reputation was whispered away by people who were interested in finding her guilty. It was confidently asserted that she received the visits of two gentlemen. The victim of these slanders was totally unconscious of affording food for evil tongues: Leopold had never crossed the threshold of her door, and she knew not the secret machinations of Ottocar Von Schwerenburg. Her mind was gradually regaining its wonted serenity; the fierceness of her anguish had subsided; and, seated upon the river's bank, in the stillness of evening, a pensive smile would sometimes reward her lover's soothing tenderness. It was after a delicious stroll in the soft twilight with this sweet companion, that Raigersfeldt found himself obliged to repair to a ball at the electoral palace. The assembly was brilliantly attended; but such scenes had lost their charm, and he seated himself on a sofa in listless observance of the crowd before him. The capricious Ottocar had again deserted Adelaide; and that accomplished coquette, though evidently ill at ease, was listening to the flatteries of a new and noble suitor. Leopold, recollecting his own thrall, looked with an eye of pity upon the inexperienced stripling, who seemed almost intoxicated by the beauty of a syren, versed in every art that could deceive a young and trusting mind. He sickened at contemplations which had formerly filled him with delight: the gaudy glare, the voluptuous music, the smiling countenances, no longer afforded him pleasure; he could perceive the hollowness, the insincerity, the vice which lurked, like serpents under roseate flowers, beneath these fascinations. Ottocar Von Schwerenburg approached the place where he sat, and commenced a conversation with the easy gaiety so peculiar to his manner. Raigersfeldt, though aware that this courtesy to a mere captain of dragoons, was meant as a condescension, received it with haughty indifference. The proud noble, however, was not discomfited,

and he rattled on until one of the Elector's aides-du-camp brought a message to Raigersfeldt, which, somewhat to his dismay, obliged him to take horse immediately, and depart upon a mission, honourable in its nature, but particularly disagreeable at this period, as it would detain him several days at a distance from Dresden. An inexplicable expression came over Ottocar's countenance as Leopold rose to obey the command, and he turned away with a light laugh, which grated upon the soldier's ear, even when he was many miles upon his route. Chafed and angry that he had submitted to Ottocar's insolent demeanour, he determined to take the first opportunity of chastising presumption, which was to him intolerable, whatever might be the consequence.

A week wore heavily away ere he received an answer to his despatches, and then, with a gladdened heart, he pressed forward upon his return. When he entered the principal street of Dresden, the first object that met his astonished gaze was the lifeless and bleeding body of Ottocar Von Schwerenburg, borne upon a bier, and surrounded by a crowd who poured unceasing execrations upon the head of his murderess, Victorine Altdorf! The agitated Leopold, in answer to his eager questions, learned a strange and appalling account. "Previously to the trial and execution of Altdorf," said his informer, "the addresses of the libertine Ottocar were paid alternately to Adelaide Wilmar and Victorine Altdorf, then the leading beauties of the court. The latter, of a more simple yet lofty character than her friend, refused to listen to vows which were openly and shamefully profaned; but the Count's attractions were too striking for any to doubt that a reformation on his part would have won a return of affection. The disgrace of her father softened her heart: she implored his life from Ottocar, and offered him her hand in marriage if he would save him from a disgraceful death,

There was a shew of interference upon his part; but many have said that, had the boon been asked, it was the first that Von Schwerenburg ever denied to his son. Ottocar played the maniac for a month or two, and then, having sufficiently evinced the sincerity of his despair, wooed the daughter of a man murdered by his faction. Latterly he lived in a house adjoining that which Victorine occupied, and the citizens of Dresden have been little scrupulous in affirming that he was not the only lover admitted by the lady, who played a deep but losing game. Her persevering suitor refused to secure her from the world's contempt by marriage; and he was this morning found murdered in the lower apartment of her house, either by Victorine, or one of her gallants. A chasm in the wall, broken purposely between the two dwellings, explained the means of his entrance, and leaves little doubt of the terms on which he stood with her, subsequently to the last fatal quarrel."

Raigersfeldt, amazed, alarmed, yet unconvinced, defended Victorine from the horrid imputations brought against her with all the vehemence of youthful love. He would have flown to hear the story from her own lips; but though, in consideration of her sex and rank, she was spared the ignominy of a confinement in the gaol, a guard was placed at her door and no one, save the civil authorities, permitted to have access to her.—Leopold, though unwilling to doubt the stainless purity of the object of his idolatry, yet recollected, with anguish of soul, the abhorrence which she had so undisguisedly professed to cherish for Ottocar. He now perceived that his own absence from Dresden had been the result of a premeditated plan; and it might be possible that, to rid herself of his hated presence, and still more hated attempts, she had armed her hand to the commission of a deed of horror. All Dresden rang with the tale: represented as the most seductive of beings, revelling in luxury, breathing

air musical with the song of love, and artfully adapting herself to the various dispositions of various admirers, the unhappy soldier started in convulsive agony, as the idea crossed him, that he might have been deceived by the semblance of virtue, in one accused of practising the highest refinements of art. But he repelled the injurious suspicion, and busied himself in indefatigable endeavours to unravel a case, which presented nothing but the most hopeless mystery.

Whilst the unfortunate Victorine Altdorf, deprived of every friendly consolation, and the subject of general censure, remained a close prisoner in the gloomy dwelling whither she had fled on the wreck of her happiness—all was not peace to the inmate of a glittering palace. Pacing through richly ornamented saloons with a distracted step and a disordered air, refusing all comfort, and reckless of honour, of reputation, nay even of life itself, Adelaide Wilmar—the proud, the rich, the cherished Adelaide—unable to endure the intense torture of her feelings, rushed from her splendid and once happy home, and, throwing herself at the Elector's feet, paralyzed the surrounding nobles by the confession of her misery and her guilt. Her passion for Ottocar had long been known. "Ill-fated wretch!" she exclaimed, "I am the cause of the murder of the noblest, the loveliest youth in Dresden! Ottocar Von Schwerenburg fell, if not by my hand, by my command. I bribed his confidential servant to bring me intelligence of all his actions. Alas! they filled me with hatred and despair. I learned that in consequence of Victorine's firm refusal of his addresses, he had contrived to send away the only friend she possessed from the city, and had resolved to effect a forcible entrance into her house. Bound by the most appalling oaths to me, that he would never

seek my rival more, rage at the desertion of one for whom I had sacrificed all that my sex should prize, goaded my lacerated heart to phrenzy, and my tears, my promises, my persuasions, so wrought upon that foolish boy, whose mad attachment you all have witnessed, that he became the instrument of my fierce, my measureless revenge. He it was who tracked the footsteps of the perjured Ottocar, and, ere he could reach the chamber of the deserted Victorine, stabbed him to the heart. Let him die," she continued, raving wildly, "let him die for his crime.—Oh, Ottocar! Ottocar! beloved even at the moment that I consigned thee to destruction, I will take vengeance upon thy murderer, and follow thee even to the grave!"

The examination of the accomplice of this wretched girl sufficiently proved the truth of her statement, and Victorine's innocence of the crimes imputed to her was fully manifested to the world. The Elector, hitherto prevented from offering her his protection, by the malignant devices of Von Schwerenburg, now caused the persecuted orphan to be conveyed to the palace as his ward. Adelaide Wilmar, condemned to end her days in a convent, swallowed poison; and the unfortunate youth, whose guilt she had occasioned, received sentence of banishment from the realm. Two years after these melancholy occurrences, Captain Raigersfeldt, who had received an appointment about the person of his sovereign, led Victorine Altdorf to the altar in the presence of the whole court. Though stricken almost to the grave by the accumulated sorrows of a life early marked by affliction, she revived under the fatherly tenderness of the Elector; and, satisfied that she had convinced the most scrupulous of the undeviating propriety of her conduct, she no longer refused to reward a disinterested lover with her hand.

AN APRIL FOOL.

*The First of April's All-fools' Day,
 You'll grant me this fact?—nay, sir, nay,
 The first of every month's the same,
 Ditto the last—the more's the shame,
 Each year, past or to come's fools' year—
 Folly ne'er halts in her career;
 When time is o'er and worlds have fled,
 Then—only then, is folly dead.* TOM BROWN.

Go look for truth in deism, or sense in absenteeism,
 Or discouragement to theism, in a Cambridge school,
 Court an author for his pence, read Shelley for his sense,
 And dub yourself from hence—forth an April fool.

Believe that rebel Brougham, with Bennet and with Hume,
 Hath caused our present gloom, like an envious goule,
 Or that Canning in his station has delivered to the nation
 An exceeding dull oration—oh, you April fool!

Believe that Irving preaches in a pair of shooting breeches,
 And that Mrs. Coutts enriches each aspiring tool,
 Or that holy Theodore Hook (who will soon be made a duke)
 Hath writ a pious book—oh, you April fool!

Believe that the Lord Mayor (oh wondrous) had a share
 In the writing of that ere "Paul Pry" with Poole,
 And that Alderman Sir Billy, most shamefully called silly,
 Composed "Sir Andrew Willey"—oh, you April fool!

Believe that of Blackwood the editor is Packwood,
 Whose razors will hack wood, and by the same rule
 That our very famous hero Duke Wellington, like Nero,*
 Danced in Berlin a bolero—oh, you April fool!

Believe, sir, moreover, that Coleridge sailed over
 From Calais to Dover on a witch's stool,
 Believe, too, which is oddest, (or in Latin *mirum quod est*)
 That Cobbett has turned modest—oh, you April fool!

Believe, if you please, that the moon is made of cheese,
 And that lawyers pocket fees as a *novel* rule;
 That Billingsgate's fair fry's no longer d—n your eyes,
 But are elegant and wise—oh, you April fool!

Believe all this, I pray, set forth in my lay,
 (Don't you think it witty, eh?) and you'll need no school-
 Ing to tell you that this song is as numerous as long,
 And as sensible as strong—oh, you April fool!

THE FUNERAL.

THE glow of sunset's on the leafless trees,
 And hoarsely sighs the even's wintry breeze;
 A long procession comes in movement slow,
 Deck'd in the dark habiliments of woe—
 A mother weeps her child, and neighbors blend,
 With hers, their sorrows, for a parted friend.
 No noisy grief attends that fair one's bier;
 But looks of anguish, and the gushing tear,
 The wailing of the heart, the homage paid,
 Without the empty glossing of parade.
 An oak, o'er which the summer's sun hath shed

Its beams for ages, branchless now, and dead,
 Without a single leaf, or tuft of green,
 To break its sad monotony of scene,
 Is as that widow'd one; whose footsteps brave
 The chilly eve, to weep upon a grave.
 Alone, when life is lone, when cold respect
 Freezes the heart, half kindness, half neglect,
 Lone 'mid that time, when fate's unerring laws,
 And life and death yet hold an awful pause;
 While yet we stand among existent things,
 Within the shadow that hereafter flings;

* The rhyme obliges me to this—sometimes
 Kings are not more imperative than rhymes.—BYRON.

While visions of the past and future rise,
Mingled as light and shade in summer skies,
Resting but briefly on that anxious brain,
Which ne'er shall know their influence again—
There is a pang, a deep and silent grief,
That knows no change, admits of no relief;
Twin'd with the life so close, it forms a part,
It is the light that love sheds o'er the heart.
That dream of passion, guiding star of fate,
Which lost or clouded leaves us desolate,
Was her's who died—her pure affection, born
Mid peace and innocence, ne'er bowed to
scorn;

Vows had been broken—lips been turn'd aside,
Which o'er her own in other times had sigh'd;
Yet to the last, though passing from the light,
As even's shadows mingle with the night,
In solemn sweetness, not one single vow
Or prayer was heard that might have harmed
him now.

There was one pledge, a child without a
name,

Whose only heritage was scorn and shame;
Yet o'er that offspring, which the world revil'd,
She bow'd her seraph brow, and sweetly smil'd;
And lov'd to look upon its angel face,
And there the Father's lineaments to trace,
Till busy mem'ry woke the bitter sigh,

And wrung the feelings into agony.
The love of woman is no poet's tale;
Neglect destroys not, misery cannot quail.
Look to each pallid cheek, that, like a bloom
Of faded beauty, wasting on a tomb,
Meets oft the eye, the cause remotely shewn,
Or garner'd in that heart to sleep unknown,
They droop in silence, as a mountain stream
Whose springs are wasted by the sultry beam.

The corse is lowered to the hollow vault,
Around its edge the group of mourners halt,
And prayers are saying for that being dead,
Whose hopes are past, whose miseries are fled.
The priest recites each pure and solemn prayer
That wakes the bosom from its dark despair;
His tones are querulous with grief and age,
Yet ev'ry look has something to engage;
His few grey hairs that wanton in the wind,
And undimm'd eye the emblem of his mind,
Give to each broken period more the glow
Of pure religion than a studied flow.

The prayers are said, the mourning troop de-
part,
And earth has closed above a broken heart.
Her life was like a wave on ocean's breast,
That rose and then subsided into rest;
Her failings and her sorrows all are gone,
Their only record the sepulchral stone.

THE BIRTH-DAY.

"Then be it so, and let us part,
Since love like mine has fail'd to move thee:
But do not think this constant heart
Can ever cease, ingrate, to love thee.
No—spite of all this cold disdain,
I'll bless the hour when first I met thee,
And rather bear whole years of pain
Than e'en for one short hour forget thee.
Forget thee! No."

MRS. OPIE.

THE bells of the church at N—
were ringing a merry peal, and
the whole village was in a delightful
bustle on the morning when Arthur
Normanville completed his twenty-
first year. He was the only son and
heir of Sir Robert Normanville, and,
from his goodness of heart and urba-
nity of manners, was deservedly a
general favourite with the tenants and
peasantry in the neighbourhood.—
Great preparations had been some
time making to celebrate his coming
of age, and a magnificent ball was to
be given in the evening to which the
nobility and gentry for many miles
round were invited. Nor were the
poorer classes forgotten, for they had
an ample share in the strong ale and
good cheer abounding on the oc-
casion.

29 ATHENEUM, VOL. 5, 2d series.

Sir Robert had been a widower
for some years, and all his hopes and
affections centred in this son, who in
truth was in every respect worthy of
a father's love.

In early youth, Sir Robert had
formed an ardent attachment to the
beautiful Lady Emily Darrell. He
had some reason to hope that his af-
fection was returned; and, as his lin-
eage and expectations on the score
of fortune were unexceptionable, he
apprehended no rejection from the
lady's friends. Things were in this
happy train, when the sudden death
of his father rendered Sir Robert's
presence necessary in the country,
and it was two months before he
again visited the metropolis. In that
time, what a change had taken place!
His beloved Emily no longer seemed

to rejoice in his presence; but all her smiles and attentions were given to Lord Morton, who had during Normanville's absence professed unbounded admiration for the fair coquette. True, his fortune was more ample than Sir Robert's—but could he offer her a heart more true and affectionately devoted to her service? O, no! It is impossible to describe the distress of Sir Robert, when he learned that Lord Morton had actually made proposals for his fair enslaver's hand, and that the marriage was expected to take place immediately. Sir Robert resolved to set off for the Continent, but being detained two days at Dover, through tempestuous weather and adverse winds, the newspapers announced to him the union of Lady Emily and Lord Morton.

This early disappointment threw a sombre shade over the after-life of Sir Robert Normanville. Five-and-twenty years had now passed away, yet Sir Robert still remembered Lady Emily in all the beauty and freshness of her youth. She died five years after her marriage, leaving one child, a daughter. Some years after her death, Sir Robert met Lord Morton in London; but a cool bow of recognition was all that passed between them; and, as the former seldom visited the gay world, he saw no more of his Lordship, who had now been dead about two years, and the guardianship of his daughter transferred to her maternal aunt. Report spoke of her as being beautiful and amiable; and, as she was an heiress, she had no lack of lovers. Within the last year, however, she had most unaccountably refused several offers which had been made to her by suitors of rank.

Sir Robert Normanville's stately edifice was this evening a blaze of light; variegated lamps were tastefully disposed in different parts of the grounds, and the decorations of the ball-room presented all that could gratify the eye and delight the senses. The company was numerous and splendid, and Sir Robert appeared

to have lost his usual melancholy, and to share in the general festivity. The merry dance began, and Sir Robert gazed proudly on his son, whose polished manners and handsome person gained him many a smile from fair and high-born ladies. The delighted father had placed himself near to one of the windows in the ball-room, and was intently watching the graceful forms that flitted before him, when suddenly his eye was caught by the figure of a female with whom his son was dancing. Sir Robert involuntarily started; for the very figure of Lady Emily Darrell stood before him, as he had last beheld her, radiant in youth and loveliness. "But this is mere illusion," mentally ejaculated the Baronet: "I know *she* has been dead these many years; and, were she even living, could not look thus now." He looked again—still it was her very image, save that the face was rather paler, and the general expression of the countenance of a more pensive cast than the late Lady Emily's. Sir Robert seated himself, still watching the lovely and interesting girl, whose appearance had so much attracted him, until years seemed to fade away, and the events of his youth to pass again before him. Lady Emily, his first love—the happy hours he had experienced in her society—her very look at parting, were all remembered. His emotion became insupportable, and to conceal it he hastily left the room, and retired to a private apartment, until he should have, in some degree, mastered his feelings. The quick eye of Arthur Normanville soon noted his father's absence, and, in part guessing the cause, he declined dancing, and descended to the library. On opening the door, he perceived his father standing near the fire-place. "You are not ill, I hope, my dear Sir?" said Arthur. "No! no! A momentary indisposition, which has now, I trust, passed away. Come, let us rejoin our guests." "Stay, but for a few minutes," said his son; "I have a boon to beg of

you, my dear father; will you grant it to me?" "But why *now*, Arthur," said the Baronet; "some other time."—"O, no, now; you shall know my reason hereafter; my happiness depends upon it."—"This is your birth-day," said Sir Robert, "and I trust a happy day for me. I will not then refuse you what you ask—name it."—"O, my dear father, how shall I tell you—there is a being to whom I have rendered up my heart's best affections! I hope—I think—she also beholds me with favour; but I wait for *your* sanction ere I shall tell her the fond hopes I entertain."—"Who, and what is she?" said Sir Robert. "High-born and beautiful," replied his son. "Her name?"—"Lady Emily Morton." The Baronet again involuntarily started, and sank into a chair. "How came you acquainted with that lady?" he sternly inquired. "She was on a visit to Lady Dunallan at the same time with myself, and knows not of the resentment you entertain against her family."—"Is she here to-night?" asked Sir Robert. "She came with Lady Dunallan's party," said Arthur. "You knew of my desire never either to see or hear of the Mortons, and why not before apprise me of this?"—"Pardon me, my dear Sir, that I have not done so, but I had heard Lady Emily was considered extremely like her moth-

er, and I thought—I hoped—that from that cause you would regard her with favour."—"Know you not, boy, that her mother deceived me?" "Alas! yes: but is she to blame for that? *You* loved that mother once, am *I* to blame for loving the daughter?"

The Baronet rose, and paced the room in great agitation. Suddenly stopping before his son, he said—"She is, indeed, like her mother, whom I remember even now too well. God grant that she may be unlike her in mind. I promised to grant your request—it is your natal day, too, and I would not have you say hereafter, that your father stepped between you and happiness. No! no! When I am gone, you shall not have cause to think harshly of your parent;" and the Baronet turned aside to conceal his emotion. "My ever kind father!"—"Enough!" said Sir Robert; "you shall introduce me particularly to the lady; if she be as good as she is beautiful, and your affection be mutual, you have my consent."

Six months after this period, the union of Lady Emily and Arthur took place, and the latter days of Sir Robert Normanville were soothed by the attentions he received from his beautiful daughter-in-law, and enlivened by the playful and endearing wiles of her children.

ROSALINE.

Thou stand'st before me silently,
The spectre of the past;
The trembling azure of thine eye,
Without a cloud o'ercast;
Calm as the pure and silent deep,
When winds are hushed and waves asleep.—MOIR.

"HE will not come mother;" said Rosaline despondingly, as she glanced her eye towards a time-piece which stood on a table by the side of her bed. "Fear not, my dear," said Mrs Mason; "we shall yet see him, unless prevented by illness: his heart cannot be so hardened as to refuse the request you made to him in your letter."

Rosaline Mason had married, in her eighteenth year, the young and admired Henry Clifford, to whom she was devotedly attached. For some time they lived happily, for Clifford was really fond of, and proud of his beautiful wife; but Rosaline soon found that he was living in a far more expensive and fashionable style than their finances warranted. Clifford,

however, was deaf to all her remonstrances, and averse to the means of retrenchment she proposed. The consequence was, he became deeply in debt, and when the trades-people to whom his money was owing grew clamorous, vexed and irritated by their demands, he flew, as a last resource, to the gaming-table. Here, as usual, fortune smiled at first, but eventually he became the loser to a large amount. Disappointment and anxiety soured his temper. He justly dreaded to meet the reproaches or the tears of Rosaline, whom his harsh demeanor wounded severely, and therefore he was but seldom to be found at home. One night he came there unusually agitated, and hastily informed Rosaline that he had staked his all and had lost—that he was now a beggar, and was resolved to leave England immediately.

Rosaline was overwhelmed with dismay. She wept, she prayed that he would take her with him. “I have shared prosperity with you,” she said, “and I am now ready to partake of adversity with you. I will work. O, the toil will be sweet if I can but win back your love and affection!” But Clifford was deaf to all her entreaties. “You have suffered but too much for me already,” said he; “your small fortune, secured to yourself, united to that which your mother possesses, will preserve you in competence. May you be happy and forget me!”

Alas! how little did he know of the heart of Rosaline. To a beautiful, but secluded spot in Devonshire, Rosaline retired with her mother. Seven years passed away, during which Clifford, as a volunteer, had served in various engagements in the Peninsula and on the Continent. Rosaline had written to him repeatedly, urging her request to be permitted to share his fortunes; but all his answers put a decided negative on her proposition, so that at last she desisted from further entreaty. About this time a rich but distant relative of Clifford’s died, and bequeathed to him the bulk of his property. Clifford

returned to England, and satisfied his creditors. He took a handsome house in town, and became again the complete man of fashion. This was indeed a trial to poor Rosaline; for now, she thought, “Unless I am quite banished from his heart, he will solicit me to share his welcome change of fortune.” But week after week passed away, and month after month; still Clifford made no such offer. He did, indeed, write to propose to her an addition to her income, which Rosaline immediately rejected. As he on his part imagined that he had become an object of indifference, if not of dislike to Rosaline, or she would now have urged the request she had formerly made to him, no more letters passed between them; but Rosaline, heart-broken, dejected, and spiritless, declined gradually. She was herself conscious that she was passing away, but the consciousness excited no regret. “When I am upon my death-bed I will send for Henry,” she said. Alas, that time arrived but too soon. She was given over by her physician, and being well assured of the great change that was awaiting her, she wrote a few lines to Clifford, and entreated to see him speedily, before she whom he once loved should cease to be one among the living.

Rosaline had risen from her bed, and had placed herself in an arm-chair beside the window, which looked into a beautiful garden. The tears were in her eyes, for the time had passed when she had expected Clifford would be with her, and she feared that if he had received her letter it was unremembered by him. She sat supported on each side by pillows: her form was worn to a shadow, but her countenance was full of resignation and of pious hope. There was a slight colour on her cheek, while a few ringlets of her dark brown hair were still shading her high and noble brow. She leaned her head on one hand, while in the other she clasped her husband’s picture. Suddenly she roused herself. “I hear the sound of carriage wheels

approaching," she said; "Heaven grant that it may be Henry!" Mrs. Mason left the room to inquire, and in five minutes more Clifford had clasped his still-beloved Rosaline to his heart. "Oh that this joy had been mine sooner," said Clifford. "Fool that I was to deprive myself of your sweet society! now, indeed, I am deservedly punished."

"I will not tell you now," said Rosaline, "what a blank this world has been to me, since you compelled me to leave you; nor that, had I known you would have received me, how gladly I would have followed you—for that avails not now—let us speak of something else.—See," she said, "yon glorious sunset, and the rich and golden gleams thrown by the declining orb over the face of nature. Oh, in such an evening and such an hour as this, I first heard your vow of love. Our favourite oak-tree, and the elm grove, how fresh they all are in my recollection! Happy, happy times when I wandered there, why did ye pass away so quickly?"

"Rosaline," said Clifford, "I have been a thoughtless, erring being, unmeet to be joined to worth like thine; yet, amid all my follies, I have ever loved you, and was sensible of your virtues. But I was too proud to sue for reconciliation."—"No more," said Rosaline: I have dreamed that life is easy to part with, but now I almost wish to live, since you love me still; but it cannot be"—and she wept. "Take this," she continued—"the ring you gave to me in our day of happiness; keep it for my sake, and remember that she who wore it never swerved even in thought from her affection to you." "Alas!" replied Clifford, "how ill have I merited so much kindness and affection."—"You find me sadly

changed," said Rosaline; "and you, too, are much thinner, and your cheeks are quite pale. "Ah, Henry!" and she smiled faintly, "the gay pleasures you pursue are no friends to your health. Would to heaven the world had fewer charms for you!" "You must not converse any longer, dearest," said Clifford; "you are already much exhausted."—"Oh, yes! now, for soon I shall not be able. Nay, do not grieve. I think of our eternal reunion. Only a few more years, and you will be reunited to me, and then no more parting!"

Rosaline conversed a short time longer, and then she retired to rest. Clifford, however, in spite of all her entreaties, resolved not to leave her through the night. At first she was rather restless, and he could hear her murmur his name at times; but towards morning she dropped asleep for several hours. Perceiving the curtain move slightly about seven o'clock, Clifford flew to the bedside. Rosaline was awake, and inquired what time it was. On being informed, she said—"I cannot see you clearly, love; raise me up." Clifford obeyed—she threw her arm round his neck, and laid her head on his shoulder. "I am much worse, I cannot live long," she said. "Forgive me all I have done amiss at any time towards you; lay me in the churchyard of my native village." Clifford wept. "You grieve," she said: "strengthen him, O God! preserve him, bless—bless him! We shall meet again—in happiness." She uttered the last word very faintly—her hand feebly pressed Clifford's—there was one slight sigh—all was over—and when Clifford again looked on the countenance of Rosaline, the pure spirit had left its earthly tenement, and he held a corse in his arms.

ANECDOTES OF DR. PARR.

MY first visit to Hatton was, if my recollection does not fail me, in 1812. Dr. Parr had been on a visit at my father's, and in compa-

ny with one of my sisters and myself, left my father's for Hatton in a post-chaise. When we were within about a mile or so of Warwick, there

was a heavy fall of rain; the Doctor hailed a butcher-like looking man, who was walking on the road-side drenched with rain, and offered him shelter in the chaise; but as my sister and I vehemently objected to the arrangement, and the man himself did not show any inclination to avail himself of the offer, the Doctor acquiesced, at the same time taxing my sister and myself with an utter want of common humanity. We dined at a lady's in Warwick, and it was mentioned, in the course of conversation, after dinner, that there was going to be a duty upon leather; we arrived at Hatton-parsonage in the evening, and the pastor's return home was celebrated by ringing the church-bells. The first order he gave was that the shoemaker might come to him next morning at eight or nine—the shoemaker came at the time appointed. "Now, Mr. —," said the Doctor, "I have a request to make of you; I have heard that there is going to be a new duty upon leather—will you measure me for half a dozen pairs of shoes, and let me have them at the price I now pay for them?" "Certainly, sir," said the man, "and shall be much obliged to you."—During my stay at Hatton, the assizes happened, and Dr. Parr had to preach at Warwick, but not before the judge; many of the barristers, however, thronged to hear him; and he gave them an out-of-the-way, but argumentative and striking sermon; his text was, "His delight was in cursing, and it shall happen unto him; he loved not blessing, therefore shall it be far from him." The drift of his sermon was to shew, that the horrid imprecations in the 109th Psalm are not to be attributed to David, but to his enemies; he brought oceans of learning to prove his point. He wrote the sermon in a little smoking, I mean tobacco-smoking, room at the bottom of his garden, and made me his amanuensis; I had to trot backwards and forwards to his library to fetch books, till the little room was nearly full of them. He dictated in a firm, clear

manner, and I do not think he had to recal a word; he rounded his sentences with as much certainty and precision as you could mould bullets. In preaching the sermon, he astonished his hearers not a little, by quoting a translation of an excommunication which is to be found at Rochester Cathedral; Sterne, if I recollect, quotes the same; it ends with, "and from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head let there be no sound part about him." The Doctor delivered the whole apparently *con amore*, with as much energy and heartiness as we could imagine the original author of it to have uttered it; the people stared, and appeared perplexed to think what he was about.

Once, at my father's, a lady was holding forth with great loquacity, and not permitting the Doctor to wedge in a word, till he fairly said to her, "Madam, allow me to have my share in the conversation."—"Why, you know, Dr. Parr," she replied, "it is the privilege of ladies to talk." "No, Madam," said he, it is not their privilege, but their infirmity! Ladies are privileged to talk, because they cannot help it; as ducks are privileged to waddle, because they can't walk straight."

I was told at Hatton, that he was once playing at whist with a very unskilful partner, whose mistakes he bore with great good-humour, but upon a lady's stepping to the table and saying, "Well, Dr. Parr, how do you get on?"—"Pretty well, madam," said he, "considering I have three adversaries."

I was told that he was once disputing with a gentleman, who had evidently the worst of the argument, but who was unwilling to give it up, though he had nothing more to say. "Well, Dr. Parr, after all," said he, "I will still maintain my opinion."—"No," was the reply, "you may retain it, but you cannot maintain it."

I was told that he once said to the late Lord Tamworth, "Come, my Lord, button my gaiters for me."

"With the greatest pleasure," said his lordship, and stooped to do so. Upon which the Doctor waved his hand over him with mock solemnity, and said, "There nobility is where it ought to be, at the foot of learning."

I was told that the rector of Hatton, Dr. Brydges, of Bristol, used, at certain times of the year, to come over to Hatton to preach; his doctrine was as opposite as could be to the vicar's, or perpetual curate's, for I forget which Dr. Parr was called. One Sunday, he had left his gown at Warwick, and came to ask the Doctor to lend him his: "No, sir," said he, "when you come to dispense your quack medicines, take care to bring your mountebank dress with you." This I have no doubt he said jocosely, and that it was followed immediately by compliance with Dr. Brydges' request; good-humour made so inseparable a part of Dr. Parr's disposition, that I had rather believe he did not say it at all than that

he did not say it good-humouredly. I never met a man of a more kind and obliging temper, or who would take more trouble in the service of others; he often said sharp things, for he had an ungovernable wit, and was as devoted to repartee as Shakespeare was to punning; but his manner was so droll, and exquisitely comic, that things which, when reported, seemed harsh, did not seem so when uttered; besides, I cannot vouch for the authenticity of any of these repartees, except that about the ducks waddling.

I once heard somebody say, in the Doctor's presence, that Lord Byron was a malignant being, for that nobody pleased him. "Malignum esse tu dicas," said Dr. Parr, "ego autem miserum, cui nemo placet."

Whether this was a quotation or not I don't know, nor whether I have given it correctly, for I never was in the habit of writing things down, and therefore have to depend entirely upon my recollection.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S PROBATION.

A YOUNG Englishman, from gaming, love-affairs, and other such gold-scattering enjoyments, had so nearly reached the dregs of his great-grandfather's hereditary portion, that he could calculate the departing hour of his last guinea. As one evening he was returning home from one of those haunts of dissipation which he habitually frequented, feeble in body as in mind, and, for the first time in his life, casting a firm look upon the ruin of his fortune, he could not well determine, whether he should end his troubles by drawing a trigger, or by throwing himself into the Thames.

While he thus wavered between fire and water, the very profound idea occurred to him not to lay violent hands upon himself, but to allow himself to be conducted out of the labyrinth of poverty by the fair hand of some wealthy bride. With this consoling thought he went to bed,

and already in his nocturnal visions the rapid racers flew, the fair girls frisked around him, both of which, he was happy in thinking he might maintain in future upon the dowry of his wife.

On the following morning, he reflected anew upon his plan, and found it unexceptionable in every point excepting the very slight circumstance of not knowing when or where he was to find the rich heiress he wanted. In London, where all the world regarded him as a spendthrift, it was not once to be thought of: he saw that for the future he must throw his nets out elsewhere.

After much cogitation and searching, he at last hit upon an old rich colonel, living upon his own estate, about twenty miles from the capital, who fortunately had no acquaintances in London, and was the father of an only daughter.

Into the house of this gentleman, by means of a friend, to whom he promised half the booty, he got himself introduced and received. The daughter of the colonel was an awkward country girl, with round chubby cheeks like Rubens' cherubims, and looked particularly odd in the hand-me-down attire of her sainted mother, which did not at all fit her, and was of course not of the most fashionable cut. Her mind, too, was as attractive as her attire: she could only talk of hens and geese; and when any other topic came above-board, her conversation was limited to a "yes, yes," or a "no, no;" all beyond this seemed to her sinful.

This wooden puppet was indeed a mighty contrast to the sprightly, gay, and lively nymphs with whom the young Briton had, until this period, been toying; but he carefully confined to the solitude of his own bosom the disagreeable feeling of this heaven-and-earth distant difference. His flattering tongue called the girl's silliness celestial innocence, and her red, swollen cheeks, he likened to the beauty of the full-blown damask rose. The end of the song was, he turned to the father, and sued warmly for his daughter's hand.

The colonel, during his sixty years' career through the world, had collected this much knowledge of mankind, that however slyly the young man had masked himself, he could, nevertheless, discover the fortune-hunter peeping through the disguise. At first, therefore, he thought of peremptorily refusing him permission to woo his daughter; but on the other hand, he thought, "the youth is fashionable, and perhaps I may be doing him injustice;—he, as yet, betrays no anxiety about the portion, and why should the girl, who is marriageable, remain longer at home? His request shall be granted,—but his apparent disinterestedness shall stand a decisive trial."

The suitor was then informed that the father had no objections to the match, provided his daughter would give her consent; and she, poor

thing, replied as in duty bound—"My father's will is mine." Indeed, could any thing else be expected?

In the course of a few weeks, the marriage ceremony was performed at the country-house of the colonel, and he instantly made his son-in-law acquainted with his wife's portion, amounting to thirty thousand dollars. The dissembler acted as if he wished to know nothing about the matter, and solemnly vowed that he had not, as yet, thought on such things, but had regarded only the noble qualities of his charming wife, whose pure self was dearer to him than all the treasures of the world.

Upon this they sat down to table, and the father-in-law urged and begged that they would make as much haste as possible, as it was his intention that the young married people should set off that very afternoon for London, and that he should accompany them.

The son-in-law was confounded, and began to make some excuses about travelling on the first day of his happiness; but the soldier maintained that these were futile, assuring him that he had particular reasons for proceeding forthwith to the capital, and that his matrimonial joys would be as well realized in London as in the country. What was to be done? Why the journey was immediately undertaken. The old man secured in a small casket, before the eyes of the bridegroom, the portion of the bride, partly in gold and partly in bank notes, took it under his arm, and placed himself by the side of the young people in the carriage.

The road ran through a forest, and scarcely had they fairly entered it, when two horsemen darted out from the brushwood, with masks upon their faces, and stopped the carriage. One of the persons watched the postillion, with a presented pistol, while the other approached the coach window, and said, "We are adventurers, and request you to give us up instantly the portion of the bride!"

The colonel and his son-in-law swore and ranted, but the robber

coolly insisted upon his demand. After some parleying, however, the horseman bent towards the young man, and whispered in his ear, "That you may see we are most reasonable men, we leave you the choice of two things,—give us either the bride or her portion; for certain reasons it is quite immaterial to us, and, moreover, no one shall ever know your decision."

The bridegroom did not think long about the matter, for he whispered, "Take the bride!" "Brother," cried the robber to his accomplice, "we shall take the bride."

In the twinkling of an eye the soldier seized his gentle son-in-law by the neck, shook him violently, and exclaimed with a thundering voice, "Ha! villain! so my conjecture was not unfounded, that you cared not for my daughter, but merely for her fortune! God be praised

that my child and my money are not yet irrevocably in your clutches! Know, then, knave! the man who married you was no clergyman, he was a brother soldier in priest's attire; and these gentlemen are no highwaymen, but friends who have done me the service of proving you. Since, then, you have laid open your whole villainess, we shall have no more connexion. I shall return home with my daughter and my money, and you may go to London—or to the devil!"

With these words he transplanted the astonished bridegroom with a kick from the carriage to the road, and ordered the postillion to turn about. The outlaw trudged back to London, and had, while upon the road, the fairest and best opportunity of determining whether he should now use a pistol, or throw himself into the river.

FOPS AND FOPLINGS.

MAY I be rammed into the barrel of a pocket-pistol if I do not think that the gallants of our day are a woefully ill used and suffering race! Fops!—puppies!—dandies! forsooth—why, the most complete and elaborate "exquisite" that the combined achievements of Stultze, Lake, and Nugee, after a year's previous deliberation and labour, could turn out of a band-box, when compared with the neck-quilted and well-plumed "bloods" of earlier times, would be little better than an unfledged ass. Lookye at his accoutrements, which horrify so much the good folks of the nineteenth century—what are they? A little round tub of a hat, not unlike a chimney-pot; a tight coat, and short waistcoat; a loose pair of trowsers, and a plain pair of boots. This is all! And yet they say, (the *theys*, by the bye, are a confounded large and mystical family,) that the tailor makes the man. *Then*, I say, if our tailors can't turn out more marvel-

lous looking men than they do, they deserve, every fractional and integral part of them, a "Tyburn-tippet" to be made out of their own measures. *Then*, I say, that the whole generation, Stultze, Lake, Nugee, Pulford, Willis, Anstey and Nettleton, Hudson and Storey,

"Cum multis aliis quos nunc describere longum est,"

from Hyde-park Corner to White-chapel turnpike, are a set of stupid, blundering, useless, ungracious, and intolerable idiots. But the truth is, that the grey-beards are wrong for, once in a way; the tailor does not, now-a-days *make* the man, but as the old chaunt goes, and old sayings are always true, deny it who may,—

"God makes, man shapes."

Here, then, is a little difference. A century or two back the professors of the gentle art of cutting and "cab-baging" really did make the man, as I shall presently fully demonstrate; or to speak more correctly, when they

got hold of a man, they made him into a popinjay. But we of the cycle 19, taking a less elevated flight, and not daring to covet a spark of the Promethean fire, (I speak of man, not woman-kind, therefore I have nothing to do with the inclination which Mrs. Shelley or Mad. Victorine may have to burn their fingers in that same fire,) we, I repeat content ourselves with merely putting into shape for the rest; we leave the animal, in other respects, much as his father made him. Now, I esteem this a very praiseworthy talent, and in no wise deserving to be sneered at. "A filthy knave, a deformed quean, a crooked carcase, a manikin, a witch, a rotten post, a hedge-stake," an *anatomie vivante*, is thus, by the mortal skill of a single pair of shears shaped into a fair and goodly shew, each being enabled to walk, talk, and bustle in their respective circles, without any of those feelings of insignificance and isolation which constitute the torments of unconcealed deformity.

This, then, is an advantage gained by the *shaping* of our age over the *making* of other days, and which cannot but be appreciated by those whom Dame Nature has formed to experience the benefits resulting therefrom. For my own part, I am no madman, therefore do I not call things by ugly names, or scoff at that which I know to be beneficial. If I had lived two hundred years ago, I should not have dared to show myself out of a pigstye—in 1826, I am one of the best figures in a ball-room. I am, by nature as tall as a hand-spike, and as thin as a whipping-post; rather hump-backed, narrow-shouldered, and pigeon breasted: hips like a buttock of beef, thighs like a conduit-pipe, knees like a dray-horse, and feet like the bill of an albatross. And yet, with all this—thanks to the judgment of my tailor!—I am noted for a remarkable fine figure. This I call the perfection of the art—to smooth down deformities and excrescences—to fill up gaps, chinks, caverns, and hollows—to

round off an angular point—to make the crooked straight, and the deformed transformed: in short, to mould a monster into a man, and that, too, by pure skill and taste, without any external finery and frippery, gewgaw or gimcrack; this I say again and again, and that without the slightest inclination to jest, quiz, or banter, is an admirable combination of tact and judgment, which merits far other guerdon than that of ridicule or censure.

I love not to be long-winded, or to break promises, so I shall proceed to appoint an exquisite of the sixteenth century, which picture will shew the distinction I wish to establish. They were fops because they sought to deform the human shape; we seek only to preserve a good figure, or to improve a bad one.

The only difficulty is, how to begin. Well, we'll pursue our task legitimately, commencing with the head and ending with the heel. The mirror and pink of dandyism in the sixteenth century, surmounted his knowledge-box with a spiral crowned hat, perking upwards like the shaft of a steeple, and standing out "above a quarter of a yard above the crowne of his head." Around the base of this conical coverlid twined a silken band of various hues, black, white, russet, red, green, or yellow, as suited the "phantasie of their inconstante mindes." The materials whereof these "tiles" were made, were as various as the ribbands which encircled them, or the plumes which nodded over them; silk, velvet, taffeta, sarcenet, wool, and some of a "certaine kinde of fine haire, which they call beaver hattes, fetched from beyond seas," pinked and cunningly carved in a strange fashion; and "the longer you wear them the fewer holes they have." This, indeed, is a quality which we seek in vain in our days.

Next to this sublime ornature came the ruff, that dreadful abomination to all zealous antifashionists. They were made of cambric, holland, lawn, or the finest cloth that love or money

could procure, standing out a full quarter of a yard from the neck, and hanging down over the shoulder-points. They were strongly starched, to preserve their "set," and to keep them from flapping to and fro, in the open air, they were propped underneath by a "supportasse," a cunning device, made of wire, twisted for this purpose, and whipped over with gold or silver. This was placed round the neck under the ruff, upon the outside of the hand, so as to support the whole frame of the ruff from hanging flimsily down.

Next comes the doublet, or inner garment, answering to our waistcoat—"quantum mutatus ab illo!" When made in the height of fashion they hung down to the middle of the thighs, stuffed with "four, five, or six pounds of bombast at the least." The length, puffiness, and stiffness of these doublets prevented the wearer from stooping, so that he could not tie the ribbands of his hose without assistance, or, as it was then called, truss his points; a misfortune which, it will be remembered, befel *Sir Percie Shafton*, whilst lying perdu in the halidome of St. Mary's. The texture of the doublet was various, "satin, taffetie, silke, grograine, chamet, gold, silver, and what not—slashed, jagged, cut, carved, pinked, and laced, with all kind of costly lace, of diverse and sundrie colours." Not even the embroidered satin waistcoats of our grandfathers, with their long flaps and huge pockets—not the cut Genoa of the present day, with all its glitter of steel buttons, can vie with the outrageous finery of the doublet.

The coat or jerkin is not so easily described. It was, like the fair sex, "*varium et mutabile semper*," as different in "cut" as in colour, each buck choosing to lead instead of follow the fashion. Not to be niggardly, however, in dispensing my information, I will quote a specimen of each sort from my old friend *Philip Stubbes*. "Their coats and jerkins, as they be diverse in colours, so be they diverse in fashions; for some be

made with collars, some without; some close to the bodie, some loose, covering the whole bodie down to the thighe, like bagges or sakes that were drawn over them, hidyng the dimensions and lineaments of the bodie; some are buttoned doune the breast, some under the arm, and some down the backe; some with flappes over the breast, and some without; some with great sleeves, some with small, and some with none at all; some pleated and crested behinde, and curioslie gathered; some not." Good Heavens! here's a description, enough to make the mouth water of every buck in Christendom!

The hose or hosen, which comes next in our list, was of three sorts, French, Gallic, and Venetian, the latter of which seem to have been most dashing. They were of silk, velvet, or satin; about a yard in breadth; slashed and interlaced with different colours, and terminating below the knee, fringed with rows of lace or gold trimming, and tied with silken points. These were sometimes called "paned hose."

"My spruce ruff,

My hooded cloak, long stocking, and paned hose,

My case of toothpicks, and my silver fork."

Mass. Gr. Duke of Fl.

Below the hosen were the "nether stockes," synonymous to our stockings, made of the purest "Grenada silk," and "so curiously knit with open seams down the legges, with quirks and clocks about the ancles, and sometimes (haplie) interlaced with golde or silver threds, as is wonderful to beholde."

I have been a long time equipping my gallant, but the end—if there be any end to writing heavy articles—is fast approaching. The gayest and most "correct" of all foot gear was the "pantoffle," a cork-heeled slipper, which was deemed of such importance that great men had pages expressly attached to the pantoffle, whose only duty was to bring and take charge of them. They had high heels, "a finger or two from the

ground," and were made of coloured leather or velvet, carved and laced with silk, and inlaid with gold or silver. It was with the utmost difficulty that men could walk in them, slipping and sliding at every step, the heel "hanging an inch or two over the slipper from the ground," whilst the tortured gallant was fain to "spurn at" every stone or post in his way, to keep them on his feet. "Handsome, indeed, should they be," says Philip, "when as with their flipping and flapping up and downe in the dirt, they exaggerate a mountaine of mire, and gather a heape of claie and baggage together, loading the wearer with importable burthen."

Over all this brave apparel hung the cloak; not indeed such a sack-cloth looking garment as our Gothic coverings of camlet and broad cloth, but of silk, velvet, and taffetie; of all the colours of the rainbow, white, red, tawny, black, green, yellow, russet, purple, violet, &c. &c. &c. decorated with tassels and points of gold, silver, or twisted silk, and lined with such splendour and costliness that "the inner-side standeth almost in as much as the outside."

Add to all this the rapier, with its velvet scabbard; the dagger gilt, or interlaid with "good angell golde;" pistols, with their stocks richly wrought and inlaid, and you will have the exquisite complete.

Now, what a shell of a puppy! what an epitome of a dandy! what an atomy of foppery! is our modern exquisite, compared with my hero, with his spherical hat bedizened with plumes and ribbands, his palisade of ruff, with its supportasse or under-propper; his quilted doublet of slashed damask, his jagged hosen, and well trussed-points, his nether-stocks, with their curious clocks and quirkes, his cork-beeled pantoffles, his velvet cloak, with hems and tassels of gold, his rapier and its velvet scabbard, his dudgeon dagger, with its hilt studded with precious stones, and pistol handles of cunning workmanship, carved and chased in pure "angell golde," by Benvenuto Cellini? Why, the finest prig of the present day can no more compete with a real full-fledged exquisite, than a gled with a falcon, or my lady's palfrey with the noble war-horse, housed and caparisoned for the tournaement.

THE BARON'S BRIDE.

"Row on—row on—more speed I crave;
Oh! quicker strike the oar;
Swift, bear me o'er the dark blue wave
Unto my native shore!

"Tis there my long-loved Ellen dwells,
Whose vows are pledg'd to me;
Oh how the thought of meeting swells
My soul with ecstasy!

"I press the soil she moves upon,
I breathe the air she breathes;
She's dearer far than the fame I've won,
More priz'd than victory's wreaths.

"Ellen, thy Edgar flies to thee,
To meet from thy lov'd hand
A balm for every misery
Endur'd in foreign land.

"What bars the lover's rapid way?
Why are his footsteps check'd?—
What meaneth this procession gay
With bridal favors deck'd?"

A maiden in the village train
An answer soon supplied:
"The lord of all this fair domain
To-day brings home his bride."—

Why now does Edgar start aside?
What strikes him with such awe?
Ah! in the baron's lovely bride
He perjur'd Ellen saw.

Where are the hopes, which form the flowers
In childhood's path that spring?
Where are the joys that manhood's hours,
Speeded on rapture's wing?

All—all of these his heart had known
By Ellen had been taught:
The blow by which they were o'erthrown
With death to him was fraught.

One look he gave of wild despair,
His pure heart ceas'd to beat;
He sank amid the roses fair
Then strown beneath her feet.

Vain strove the false one from that hour
Smiles to her lips to call;
Worthless, she feels, are wealth and power,
And golden fetters gall.

Bright gems are mix'd with her silver hair,
Jewels her neck adorn;

But her brain is rack'd with dark despair,
With grief her heart is torn.

Her glitt'ring gems, her robe of pride,
No gleam of peace impart;
They serve a wasting form to hide,
To shroud a breaking heart.

VARIETIES.

ETRUSCAN VASES.

THE following are the conclusions arrived at by Professor Hausman, during an inquiry into the composition of those vases:—1. That the manufacture of earthen vases appropriated to funeral rites and occasions, had been widely propagated at a remote period of antiquity, with little deviation from a general plan, in so far as regards the principle circumstances. 2. That these vases have been formed with much particular diversity in regard to less important circumstances, such as the quality of the clay employed, and differences in the forms, ornaments, and paintings, not only in different countries, and at different times, but also in the same countries, and at the same period. 3. That the finer sort of these vases are superior in regard to the preparation of the clay, and the elegance and variety of the forms, as well as the care of the painting, to all others of the kind, whether of Roman or of modern manufacture, insomuch, that the pottery of the most remote ages forms the model of that of the present times. 4. That the art of manufacturing these vases, as practised in very remote times, is much more worthy of estimation than our best performances in that way, since the ancients were not in possession of many assistances which are applied to the art by us, and because some things which are now done without difficulty, by means of certain instruments or machinery, were, in those times, perfected by means of the hand alone, consequently, by the greater dexterity of the artists. 5. That certain circumstances were peculiar to the very ancient arts of making

and ornamenting those earthen vessels, which have evidently been lost in later times, of which may be mentioned, in particular, the composition of a very thin varnish, which gave a heightening to the colour of the clay, in a greater or less degree, and afforded a very thin black coating, retaining its lustre to the most remote ages, and capable of resisting the action of acids and other fluids; so that the modern art of manufacturing pottery ware may be materially improved, not only with regard to the forms and ornaments, but also the preparation and application of materials, by a diligent and continued examination of those very ancient vases.

ARTIFICIAL ICE.

A chemist, at Caen, has discovered a convenient method of obtaining ice at every season. It consists in mixing, in a small cask, five pounds of pulverized sulphate of soda, with four pounds of sulphuric acid, at 36 degrees. The composition is capable of quickly freezing water. This freezing would inevitably take place at once, if large quantities were used: but in cases in which only such quantities as those above mentioned are employed, the vessels necessarily parting with a large portion of their caloric to the bodies which they contain, the mixture must be made three times before the production of ice can be insured.

IMPRISONMENT, &c.

Four years ago, the Convict population of New South Wales amounted to nearly 14,000. Since that period it has probably increased. If to this be added about 4,000 who are on board the hulks, at the Peniten-

tiary, Milbank, or in Bermuda, and at least 5,000 undergoing imprisonment in the various gaols and houses of correction of the united kingdom, for felonies and misdemeanours of which they have been convicted, besides about 7,000 in confinement on criminal charges or on civil process (and this, according to a late parliamentary return, is a moderate calculation) it will appear that about 30,000 persons are, on an average, generally under personal restraint; and admitting the population of the country to be 15,000,000, it is evident that one individual in every 500 is, in consequence of crime, imprudence, or misfortune, actually deprived of liberty.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF DAVID.

David, the celebrated French painter, died at Brussels, on the 29th of December, 1825, at a quarter after ten o'clock in the morning. On the 19th, he went to the theatre to see *Tartuffe*, and remained during the whole performance. This imprudence was fatal. From that moment his disorder triumphed. He was almost always delirious; but whether in possession or not of his faculties, his conversation, his gestures, his motions, all related to the arts. One of his pupils, an eminent painter, called to see him two days before his death. David gave him some advice respecting a picture he was about. The energy with which he made his observations fatigued him, and his voice became so feeble that he found it impossible to speak any longer; but he continued to express, by the position of his body and by the movement of his hands, his opinion with regard to one of the figures in the picture. On the day after, a proof was brought to him of the engraving after his *Leonidas*, by M. Laugier. This roused him from a kind of lethargy into which he had sunk. "It is well," he remarked; "bring it nearer to me, for my sight is already so weak!" After having examined it, he ordered it to be pinned against a

wall opposite to him, and his arm-chair to be wheeled towards it.— Then, rallying the little strength which he retained, he pointed out, with the end of his stick, the parts which he thought deserving of remark. Gradually he became animated; his criticisms were very important, and full of taste; he resorted to the lively and picturesque expressions of all men of genius, who speak of an art in which they excel; and even asked for a crayon, in order to touch several figures which he thought the graver had not sufficiently kept down. His friends and his children entreated him to tire himself no more on the subject, but to take some rest. He yielded to their wishes, and from that moment he never spoke. His funeral was celebrated with great pomp, and was attended by a crowd of the most eminent men in Brussels, and by deputations from Ghent, Bruges, and other towns. David's pencils and palette were laid on the coffin, as well as his costume as a member of the Institute, and his cross of the Legion of Honour.

STEAM NAVIGATION.

The grand experiment of a voyage to India has been happily accomplished, by the arrival of the *Enterprise* at Calcutta in the first week of December. The voyage, however, occupied about 115 days.

MUSIC IN BOHEMIA.

As a new proof of the extraordinary pitch to which the cultivation of music has reached in Bohemia, we state the substance of an article which appeared a few weeks ago in the *Prague Gazette*. A miller, of the name of Potstobry, who lived in the small village of Beraun, bequeathed, shortly before his death, his whole fortune of 17,000 florins to the foundation of a Conservatory of Music in the place where he had acquired it. On the day when this conservatory was opened, there was a grand musical festival, the performers consisting principally of the vil-

lagers from the neighbourhood; and the Requiem of Mozart, together with the Miserere of Palestrina, were executed by eighty country musicians, in a style (as that Gazette says) that would have done credit to the first orchestra in Europe.

NEW KIND OF FODDER.

Mr. Moorcroft, who is rendering so much service to science by his travels in Higher Asia, has transmitted to the East India Company the seeds of a foddering plant, indigenous in Brazil, on the borders of India and China. It is called *prangos*, and approaches to the genus *cachrys*. The acquisition of this plant is of great importance, if one can believe half the wonders that are told of it by the Hindoos. It seems at least certain that it affords excellent nourishment for cattle; and that it requires little care to propagate it. It fattens flocks of sheep in a very short time; and, it is said, cures the hepatic flux, and the rot, which are so fatal after the autumnal rains. It is a herbaceous, perennial plant, of the umbelliferous family.

MIXING MORTAR.

The presidents of the parliament in France were called, *presidents a mortier*, because the cap they wore was shaped like a mortar. An architect applied to president Harley for his interest to get his son appointed counsellor of parliament. "Pray, sir," said Harley, "don't try to mix your mortar with ours."

PRACTICAL ALLEGORY.

During the diet, a singular spectacle was exhibited. At a grand repast, at which the Emperor Charles V. Ferdinand his brother, several princes of the empire, other distinguished personages, and a great concourse of people attended, a man appeared in the costume of a doctor; he carried a faggot; some twigs were straight and some were bent; a label upon his back contained the word "*Reuchlin*." He threw the faggot upon the floor, and walked away.

Another, in the dress of a priest, then appeared; a label upon his back contained the word "*Erasmus*;" he endeavoured, for a time to put the twigs in order, and to straighten those that were bent; not succeeding, he got out of humour and walked away. A person in the habit of a monk then entered: on a label upon his back was written the word "*Luther*;" he put some coals under the twigs, set fire to them, and walked away. Then a man in the guise of an emperor entered: he drew his sword, stirred the fire, increased the flame, and walked away. Then a person in a pontifical dress entered; on a label upon his back was written the word "*Leo*;" he held two vases, one filled with oil, the other with water; he looked frightened, hastily seized the vase of oil, and poured it upon the flames; they suddenly rose to a great height, and he walked away. The actors in this scene were never discovered.—*Butler's Life of Erasmus.*

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

A version of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, in the Russian language, by M. Michael Katchénovsky, has been published at Moscow. Having, however, unfortunately been translated, not from the original, but from a Polish translation, it wants much of the beauty of Sir Walter Scott's delightful poem.

BEAUMARCHAIS.

Beaumarchais had engraved on a favourite dog's collar: "My name is Floretta; Beaumarchais belongs to me."

MOISTURE IN PLANTS.

The quantity of simple moisture, or rather of pure water which some plants raise from the earth is uncommonly great. This is beautifully exemplified in the organization of some creeping plants, in which the moisture is frequently conveyed the distance of forty, or a hundred yards, before it reaches the leaves or fruit, or perhaps the assimilating organs of the vegetable. I have seen a plant of this sort that had been accidentally cut across, continue to pour

out pure, limpid, and tasteless water, in such a quantity as to fill a wine-glass in about half an hour.—*Finlayson's Mission to Siam.*

REGNAULT DE ST. JEAN D'ANGELY.

The Marquis Beauchamp applied to Regnault to support him with his credit at the court of Napoleon. After a few days, Regnault came to him and said, "The thing is very difficult; for the police have searched, and found a protest—of I do not know of what nature—that you took it into your head to sign in 1791." "Oh, yes, Master Regnault—the protest which *you dictated to me.*"

BOTANY.

The second number of a work published at Batavia by Dr. Blume, on the Plants indigenous to the Dutch Possessions in India, has arrived in Europe. It is very interesting, and contains the natural history and the description of a hundred and twenty-two new plants found in the Island of Java; with a brief account of their principal physical properties, and of their domestic use.

FRENCH ANECDOTE.

A clergyman having exhorted a poor wretch that was going to be guillotined to recommend himself to his Patron Saint, now that he was about to appear in a few moments before his God; "In that case," replied the criminal, "I had better be the bearer of the recommendation myself."

RAIN GAUGE.

A rain guage, which registers its indications, has been recently invented in England, by Mr. Donovan. It performs the following duties:—

1. It will show the number of cubical and perpendicular inches of rain that fell during a given period; the precise hours to the minute, the day, and the day of the month when they fell, and the intervals of time between each; also, whether it was day or night.

2. In cases of heavy rains it will note down the times of their commencement and cessation; and the

descent of rain so light as not to collect into drops, and scarcely to wet, will be marked.

3. It keeps the aggregate and separate account of rain for every hour, day, week, month, or year. It spontaneously separates the weekly accounts from each other every Saturday night at twelve o'clock; and at the same hour on the termination of whatever number of days it may consist.

4. While it is raining, a bell rings by distinct strokes, the intervals between which are shorter in proportion as the rain is quicker; this is for the night service.

5. It registers to the 1-25th of a cubic inch.

6. It tells the day of the month, the day of the week, and the hour of the day.

7. It will register the intensity of the rain during the whole year; that is, by looking at the papers of the instrument, it will show whether it was raining fast or slow at any required time of any day, and how much so.

ROYAL ROAD TO AUTHORSHIP.

Louis XV. was prevented, by the delicacy of his constitution, from applying to the studies which require any strict attention. There appeared, nevertheless, in 1718, a book entitled *Course of the principal Rivers in Europe*, under his name; and of this fifty copies were put in circulation, which the courtiers eagerly disputed for. It is said that M. de Lille, his instructor in this branch of knowledge, had rendered him great assistance.

CRANIOLOGY.

Dr. Patterson, of Calcutta, has observed, that the skulls of Hindoos are to those of Europeans as two to three; or that the head of the European of fifteen years is equal in size to that of an Hindoo of thirty. If the size of the head indicate a corresponding intellectual capacity, it may now be conceived how 20,000 Europeans have in subjection 1,000,000,000 of Asiatics.